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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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An Insane Verdict
The Hinckley Case
"Dear Jodie, Don't they make a darling couple? Nancy is downright sexy. One day you and I will occupy the White House and the peasants will drool with envy. Until then, please do your best to remain a virgin. You are a virgin, aren't you? Love, John."
TAXI DRIVER
WINCHESTER
WINCHESTER MODEL 1866
WINCHESTER MODEL 1886

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CORRESPONDENCE

OF LAB MICE AND MEN

To the editors:
Timothy Noah maintains that members of the animal welfare movement are a "deeply misanthropic" bunch bent on persecuting Edward Taub ("Monkey Business," TNR, June 2). In defending that position, he has distorted and overlooked several important facts:

1) Taub's mistreatment of monkeys seized from his laboratory is neither "alleged" nor "wholly unproven"; Taub was convicted on six counts of cruelty by the state of Maryland. In addition, he was clearly in violation of the federal Animal Welfare Act.

2) There was no "odd legal arrangement" whereby the monkeys were treated as plaintiffs. The law provides for charges to be brought for individual acts against individual animals.

3) At the time the monkeys were removed from the lab, they had been without veterinary care for two years. Thirty-nine of fifty-five fingers on deafferented limbs and four fingers on normal limbs were missing or malformed; one monkey had a fractured right forearm, an abscessed tooth, and severely deformed wrists. Two others had bone cancer. The "sores" Mr. Noah refers to were open, bleeding lesions.

4) Mr. Noah describes a photograph of a monkey who "appears" to be choking; in fact, the animals gasped and coughed since choke bars were placed tightly against their throats.

5) Mr. Noah questions whether Taub would routinely expose himself to an environment that was unclean enough to threaten his own health. The question is moot; testimony at his trial established that Taub rarely visited the colony room at his lab. Also, an NIH investigation of the lab concluded that occupational health protection for the laboratory staff was inadequate.

6) Finally, the Humane Society of the United States (not the Humane Society of America, as Mr. Noah refers to our organization) is part of a growing coalition of animal welfare groups working to end pound seizure. The number of pound animals returned to their owners ranges from 10 to 20 percent, hardly a "fraction." In addition, more and more scientists are admitting that these "random source" animals make poor research subjects.

Mr. Noah laments the fact that Taub can no longer experiment with monkeys. After twenty-five years (and more than a million tax dollars), Taub can point to no direct benefit of his research. While he claims that his research techniques have been adopted into clinical practice at two hospitals, he steadfastly refuses to identify them.

JOHN A. HOYT
President
The Humane Society of the United States
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Timothy Noah's article on the anti-vivisection movement was interesting, but his treatment of the position of the philosopher Peter Singer was terrible. Mr. Noah lumps Singer in with the anti-vivisectionists who "reject *in principle* the use of animals in experimentation." Singer has never held this position, and since he is a utilitarian he never will. Singer's true position is better indicated in the following quotation: "Hence, the benefits of animal experimentation exceed the benefits of eating animals and the former stands a better chance of being justifiable than the latter; but this applies only when an experiment on an animal fulfills strict conditions relating to the significance of the knowledge to be gained, the unavailability of alternative techniques not involving animals, and the care taken to avoid pain. Under these conditions the death of an animal in an experiment can be defended."

STEPHEN M. GRIFFIN
Lawrence, Kansas

To the editors:
Timothy Noah writes that "a lab that was dirty enough to be unhygenic was not likely to go unnoticed by the inspector from the Department of Agriculture who had dropped by, unannounced." As one who has observed the USDA and its "unannounced inspections" for several years in wholesale dog kennels, research laboratories, and exhibits, I can state that it has spent $33 million over the last sixteen years, but its inspectors still don't know what it takes to make an animal comfortable and healthy or the difference between a clean place and a dirty place. Most of the field inspectors and their supervisors have an apathetic or hostile attitude toward their responsibilities in animal welfare. This is complicated by the Office of General Counsel's failure to process a case speedily once it is submitted.

Mr. Noah denigrates the animal welfare organizations and their alleged disregard for human welfare, but glosses over the failure of the scientific community to meet its obligations. Its own peer review system does not work. Only a few research facilities are accredited by the American Association for Accreditation of Laboratory Animal Care, which certifies that they meet the National Institutes of Health Guidelines for the Care and Use of Laboratory Animals. NIH is glib about its requirement that each institution receiving federal funding must meet the minimum standards of the Animal Welfare Act, the NIH Guidelines, and any state or local laws regarding care and handling of animals. The truth is NIH actually gives out millions of dollars for animal research, no strings attached.

ANN GONNERMAN
Our Animal Wards
Kansas City, Missouri

To the editors:
Thanks for Timothy Noah's article on the resurgence of anti-vivisectionism. The anti-vivisectionist position is certainly inhumane to humans. When my wife, who has multiple sclerosis, appeared before the Los Angeles City Council to oppose changing the pound seizure ordinance that allowed unwanted animals to go to research, the anti-vivisectionists in the audience booed her. One of them loudly said, "They always bring out their cripples." Councilman Robert Farrell, who subsequently voted to overturn the voter-passed ordinance, wondered why there couldn't be research on prisoners instead of animals.

RICHARD A. SESSIONS
Los Angeles, California

To the editors:
The most disappointing aspect of Timothy Noah's polemic against the new animal liberation movement is the total absence of any attempt to come to grips with the serious ethical arguments that underlie the movement. In my book, *Animal Liberation*, I outlined these ethical arguments at some length. It is typical of the level of discussion in Mr. Noah's article that after quoting a passage from my book in which I say that our attitudes toward members of other species

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

And The Pay's Lousy

"It's a real source of frustration on Capitol Hill," says Representative Bill Brodhead of Michigan. "It's led to a lot of problems, backdoor efforts for members to compensate themselves with tax breaks, speaking fees, and so on." What's frustrating the lawmakers is that they've had one 5 percent pay raise in five years, and some of them are feeling the pinch. They can pick up extra change by hitting the trade association meetings or corporate board rooms for honoraria of $1,000 to $5,000, but some of them feel compromised by that process. "They're not interested in what we say," insists Brodhead, "they're interested in who we are."

The big-ticket speaking fees don't drop in the laps of junior members like Bill Brodhead anyway. For now, Brodhead, who ranks tenth on the Ways and Means Committee, lives in the speaking-fee shadow of chairman Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois, boss of the committee that gets first crack at every tax law that goes on the books. The chairman's disposition must be coddled, and Rostenkowski goes limousine class on the lecture circuit. Since there's still a cap on the total sum of actual money he can take, it is now well known among those who issue invitations on behalf of the trade associations and savings and loan conventions that Rostenkowski prefers to combine golf in Florida or Arizona with his speaking trips outside Washington. Rostenkowski owns just about one of the safest seats in Congress. He also has one of the largest campaign war chests. Lobbyists understand that Rostenkowski comes from Chicago, where you give to politicians whether they need it or not, and where lists are kept of those who don't ante up.

For now, junior members like Bill Brodhead are destined to live on their salary of $60,662.50, plus retirement benefits, travel allowances, and other perks. On that, members often must support two houses, one in Washington (ranked the second most expensive city in America) and one back in their home state. The Brodheads find they have to rent their house in Detroit to make ends meet. The family lives in Washington, even spends holidays here.

Unlike you and me, Members of Congress set their own salaries, but to vote a pay raise in an election year, with a recession to boot, is political poison. Some say it will begin costing us good people in Congress, members without family fortunes who'll get out because they can't afford to serve.

So they're frustrated. They're feeling crimped, and they've begun to do things that make them look a little greedy. Last December, for example, in a classic Congressional sleight of hand, the House doubled its outside earnings limit from $14,000 to $28,000. The raise passed despite the efforts of a small team of Republican back-benchers who monitor unanimous consent motions so the Democrats don't slip something through in an empty chamber.

One of the most conscientious of these "official objectors" is Bob Walker of Pennsylvania, a lean, graying conservative who's made himself a burr under the saddle of House Democrats. To get rid of Walker during the vote on the raise, the Republican leadership created a high-level meeting, invited Walker, then passed the word to Tip O'Neill that Walker wouldn't be around to make trouble on the floor.

"Twenty seconds," says Brodhead. "Consider it read. Hearing no objection. Consider it passed. Unanimous consent. In twenty seconds we doubled the outside earnings limit and nobody knew it was happening." They never called the roll, they never even read the motion.

"It's the 'under-the-table' stuff that really hurts the image of Congress," says Bob Walker. They wanted a better tax break (up from the current high of $3,000 to $19,000), so they tacked it on the Black Lung Bill. Buried in last year's first continuing resolution—the one

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Richard Strout, the regular author of TRB, is in England for three months. This column is written by Ken Bode, correspondent for NBC News.

Can psychology make sense of today's crazy markets?

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 12, 1982

THE POSTWAR HEMISPHERE

There's no denying that U.S. interests in Latin America have taken a heavy battering lately. The U.S.-backed elections in El Salvador on March 28 gave right-wing parties 60 percent of the Constituent Assembly, which proceeded to elect the incendiary former major, Roberto D'Aubuisson, as its President and then voted to halt Phase Three of the land reform program, a centerpiece of the effort to undercut the violent left. Meanwhile, the Reagan Administration's necessary decision to back the British in the Falklands war enraged much of Latin America. Britain's victory and Margaret Thatcher's apparent determination to keep the Union Jack flying over the islands forever presumably will cause Argentina to move closer to the Soviet Union. Cuba's Vice President, Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, said last week in an interview with Karen DeYoung of the *Washington Post* that the Falklands war created "a new relationship among the countries of Latin America" in which U.S. influence has been undercut and Cuba's status enhanced. Argentina, he noted, has quit assisting the U.S. in training commandos in Central America, and the rightist victory in El Salvador has worked "to the disadvantage of the United States."

Despite these troubles, however, other recent events in the Hemisphere are cause for encouragement, and the setbacks may actually create opportunities. Democratic forces are stronger in Latin America right now than at any time in recent history. Costa Rica has just reaffirmed its dedication to democracy by electing and inaugurating a new president in spite of grave economic difficulties. The Dominican Republic, once a dictatorship, held free presidential elections on May 16. Honduras ended more than ten years of military rule in January, inaugurating a civilian president chosen in free and honest elections in which 80 percent of eligible voters participated. In Guatemala, a military coup swept out the brutal regime of President Fernando Lucas Garcia and replaced it with a leader intent on restoring democracy and ending human rights abuses and corruption.

And in El Salvador, nearly 1.5 million persons took part in the March 28 elections in what can only be considered a massive repudiation of the Communist-led guerrillas. This was one of the most carefully monitored elections ever conducted, with hundreds of foreign observers and reporters on hand to check for coercion and fraud. As the elections were held, they were attacked as unfair because leftist parties were not on the ballot, but most observers agreed (many of them in amazement) that the turnout was huge. Lately, however, charges have been made that the figures were inflated by nearly 100 percent—that only about 770,000 people voted. *Central American Studies*, a magazine published by the Jesuit-run Central American University, claimed "there are serious indications that sustain a reasonably confirmed judgment that there was a massive fraud in the number of voters, though not in the proportion of votes that were attributed to each of the contending parties." The magazine also

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alleged that a deal was struck by the leaders of the six parties participating in the election, the U.S., and the Salvadoran military to portray the turnout as a rejection of the leftist guerrillas. The effect of the argument is to support the leftist case that the people of El Salvador have not really spoken, that the guerrillas have vast, hidden public support, and that therefore a negotiated settlement is the only fair solution to the Salvadoran war.

If there was a massive fraud at the polls on March 28, and especially if the U.S. were found to have participated in it, we would join in turning with revulsion against the course of U.S. policy. But the case simply has not been proved. Even *Central American Studies* admits that "we are still not ready to prove irrefutably the thesis that there was a massive falsification of the figures, but we can propose reasonable indications." The magazine's case, in fact, rests on the calculation that it took an average of two-and-a-half minutes for each voter to present his identity card, sign the voting roll, cast his ballot, and recover his card, and that no more than 770,000 persons could have participated in the elections, given the number of polling places and the time available. But independent U.S. observers assert that voters were processed four at a time and that it took less than a minute, on the average, to complete the process. For there to have been a successful fraud, what's more, thousands of election officials, party poll watchers, and outside observers would have had to conspire at 4,500 precinct polling places as ballot boxes were stuffed or tallies miscounted. In fact, there is no documentation of any such activity. Nor has it been demonstrated that large numbers of voters were coerced into participating. The stamps on identity cards and the ink placed on the thumbs of voters—to prevent double voting—were done with ink visible only under an ultraviolet light. There is no evidence that the military was roaming the streets with such lights to check up on the population.

IT'S NOT EXACTLY clear how big El Salvador's voting-age population is, but the World Bank estimates it at 2.1 million. The United Nations calculates that 140,000 Salvadorans are refugees in other countries, the Salvadoran electoral commission disqualified 68,000 persons for lack of valid ID cards, and 42,000 military personnel were not eligible to vote. This suggests that eligible voters numbered about 1,850,000. If so, and if there was no fraud, this means that 80 percent of El Salvador's voters participated in the election. All of those who did not participate cannot be counted as supporters of the guerrillas, nor can all of those (176,000) whose ballots were either improperly marked or were blank. It's impossible to say how many would support the left, but the election results correspond to previous indications of public sentiment, such as the total failure of the January 1981 "final offensive." There is some validity to the charge that leftists could not have actively campaigned in the March elections because they might have been killed. But if they had been confident of the huge public following they claim, they would have allowed their names to be placed on ballots anyway. Instead, they refused. In fact, they threatened voters with death. The only conclusion one can draw is that the left feared the election process. That is exactly how it acts in Nicaragua, Cuba, and other countries where it runs things. It is an indication of how it would run El Salvador if it could. There is a place for negotiation in determining El Salvador's future, but the March 28 elections have significantly strengthened the hand of the non-Communist side in the bargaining process. Just because rightists won a majority in the Constituent Assembly does not mean that the elections were a mistake and should not have been held.

BUT EVEN if El Salvador conducted valid elections, this does not mean that the United States must slavishly support the decisions of its elected Constituent Assembly. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee was not violating democratic principles when it voted on May 26 to withhold security assistance to El Salvador in response to the Assembly's cancellation of Phase Three of land reform—the so-called "land to the tiller" program. The United States has every right to decide on what terms it will extend foreign aid; in fact, it has every obligation to do so.

From time to time, both left-wing and right-wing critics of U.S. policy in El Salvador have attacked land reform. The left charges that the program is not working; the right, that it is causing chaos. The truth is that the program has worked—albeit far from perfectly—and it has wide support among the Salvadoran peasantry. The right-wing parties now conspiring to kill or delay land reform actually campaigned on the promise to provide peasants with the land titles that the previous government of José Napoleón Duarte was not able to get for them. The rightists are reneging on their election promises in a way that is likely to be disastrous. Some 125,000 sharecropper families were scheduled to benefit from Phase Three. If they and the campesino organizations that represent them are abandoned by the government, the left is likely to receive tens of thousands of angry new recruits. The campesino organizations, including those supported by the American AFL-CIO, have been tolerant of the difficulties in achieving land reform. They have been willing to go along with the government's postponement of reform as it applies to land used for growing cotton and sugar, which are needed export crops. They are not willing to tolerate what is going on in El Salvador now—extension of the postponement to land used for growing grains and cattle, and the eviction (often by force) of some 9,000 sharecropper families.

The Salvadoran government has issued various statements indicating that land reform is continuing,

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but former President Duarte, the campesino organizations, and the AFL-CIO's American Institute for Free Labor Development say that it is in danger of dying. The government of El Salvador ought to be on notice that if it kills land reform, it is killing its own chances to maintain popular support and it is killing its support in the U.S. Many U.S. conservatives claim that land reform is more trouble than it is worth, that it amounts to confiscation of private property. But it has worked in other countries, notably Taiwan, Japan, and South Korea. And, in fact, the peasants in El Salvador once worked communal farms, which were seized in the late nineteenth century by the country's oligarchs and held since then by force and terror. Land reform is part of the democratization of El Salvador, and the U.S. should assist it with money as well as political support. If the Salvadoran government puts the program back into effect, the U.S. should supply the full amount of security assistance recommended by the Administration and supported by the House Foreign Affairs Committee (that is, restore the $100 million cut by the Senate committee) and repeal the Helms amendment which forbids U.S. funds from being used for compensating previous landowners.

SUSTAINED dedication to land reform in El Salvador, support for democratic processes in other Latin countries, and full implementation of the Reagan Caribbean Basin Initiative are all elements of a larger U.S. policy toward the Western Hemisphere—a policy of respect, attention, and involvement—which will also help to repair the political damage of the Falklands crisis. The nations of the hemisphere need to be assured that it was not out of any racist bias that the U.S. sided with Britain against Argentina, but out of dedication to principle and a bias against aggression. Once the flush of victory and the pain of defeat ease in Britain and Argentina, the U.S. should encourage negotiations leading to a settlement of the basic Falklands dispute. If the United States could settle on a turnover of the Panama Canal, with all the financial and emotional investment that it represents, then surely Britain can eventually relinquish the Falklands. In the interests of good relations with Latin America, the U.S. ought to urge Britain to be forthcoming about a Falklands settlement. But the level of energy that the U.S. devotes to this task should depend upon Argentina's behavior—specifically, on the extent to which it begins moving from military dictatorship to democracy, on the extent to which it aligns itself with the Soviets, and on its willingness to forgo military force as a means of settling the Falklands dispute. Argentina is not so beloved in Latin America that the U.S. needs to abandon its principles and interests in order to repair its position in the hemisphere. The U.S. needs to show the hemisphere that it understands Latin aspirations, but to be respected in Latin America, the U.S. also needs to maintain its own integrity.

NOTEBOOK

☐ FRANK AND MARIA RICHARDS had a clever forgery scheme going: by selling bogus Social Security cards and other fraudulent documents to illegal aliens in Los Angeles, they had made $1.5 million. But after a few years, when the fake applications began to appear too neat to pass for government work, astute federal investigators caught on. "Sloppy applications are more acceptable because they're more like the normal ones," Daniel Lane of the Department of Health and Human Services told the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations on June 16. This discovery opens new avenues to those seeking to ferret out waste and fraud. In keeping with its characteristic logic, the Administration might collect bureaucrats' handwriting samples or simply mandate messiness in government—provided that the always superior private sector doesn't catch on, of course.

☐ IT SEEMS PLAUSIBLE that John Hinckley is too crazy to take responsibility for his actions, as his jurors have concluded in finding him not guilty by reason of insanity. But it is ironic that two of the jurors are now refusing to take responsibility for *their* actions. The two, Nathalia L. Brown and Maryland T. Copelin, held a news conference the day after the trial ended to announce that they didn't really think Hinckley was innocent after all. The women announced that they reluctantly voted with the others because they were tired of arguing and being away from their families for four days. "I violated my conscience; my conscience was not clear," confessed Mrs. Copelin. "I want the public to know that I think he was guilty." Hinckley at least provided some evidence that he was haunted by weird demons. What's their excuse?

☐ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "In nominating Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democrats undoubtedly put forward the best man among those who had any chance at all of being chosen. We are well aware of the objections to Mr. Roosevelt, and have stated them on several occasions in our pages; but these objections are on the whole not so serious as those which apply against Baker or Ritchie, Garner or Murray. If for nothing else, it would be hard not to feel somewhat drawn toward Roosevelt by the enemies he has made. All the most reactionary elements in American life, both within and without the Democratic party, have united in opposing him. These gentry keep telling us over and over that Roosevelt is only a pseudo-intellectual; but their actions show they believe him to be a genuine one on several public questions, notably on the desperately important one of elected power, and they hate and fear him for that reason." (The Editors, "The Democratic Bid, I: The Candidate," July 13, 1932.)

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Could the U.S. have done it?

What The Falklands Teaches Us

By Henry Fairlie

WHAT HAPPENED to Prince Charles's kid brother during the British recapture of the Falkland Islands? As Mrs. Thatcher gathered more ships than anyone thought the Royal Navy still possessed, British hearts were lifted by the news that His Royal Highness The Prince Andrew would be among the first to sail. He would not quite have the flair, in his helicopter, as Henry V before Harfleur, but it would be inspiriting. But when the fighting began, although the Prince was certainly in action, he was not in the headlines.

What had happened was that the whole affair had become as serious as the Iron Lady had treated it from the first. American newspapers stopped talking about a Gilbert & Sullivan war over a few barren islands, a few thousand kelpers, and more sheep than an insomniac could count in a month. "The British won't do it," the Argentines thought; "The British can't do it," the world quavered. But, good heavens! the British did do it: in little more than two months, across eight thousand miles of ocean.

There are those who think that it is against the rules these days for one of the Western democracies to defend its sovereign territory. They have been given more than one jolt recently. For just when the British troops were closing on Port Stanley, the forces of Israel whipped across the Lebanon border and, in a devastating assertion of political will and technological superiority, routed not only one but two of its enemies. Both actions have made the world a slightly safer place, a point sharpened by the initially equivocal response of America in both cases.

The British action in the Falklands is interesting precisely because it at first seemed to many people so unlikely a war to undertake in the third quarter of this century. But now that the thing has been done—at a huge cost to the nation's treasury, it is true, but with less loss of life than had been feared—it seems much less bizarre. Something was done that has a significance beyond itself. What?

Field Marshal Lord Carver, a brilliant chief of the General Staff of the British Army, and until recently chief of the Defense Staff, not only a superb soldier but a thinking one, published a book last year with the plain, soldierly title, *War Since 1945*. Like most good soldiers, he does not much like fighting wars; he especially does not like fighting unnecessary or unsuccessful wars. The book is divided into four parts: "British Colonial Conflicts"—Palestine, Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden, and Borneo; "French Colonial Conflicts"—Indochina and Algeria; "American Adventures"—Korea and Vietnam; and "Conventional Clashes"—India's wars and Arab-Israeli wars. The twenty-one page chronology at the end is in itself a stark reminder of how much fighting has been going on in the world since 1945.

One of the values of the book is that this intellectual soldier, in describing the wars of the past thirty-five years, makes only one reference to nuclear weapons, and that on the last page. For it is the wars which have actually been fought that have determined the course of events, and have shaped many of the contours of the world in which we live, and it is in them that national leaders had to be prepared to act purposefully and effectively. The politico-military lessons which he finds in these actions and summarizes in his conclusions are lessons for just the kind of nonnuclear actions that are common.

"These wars were not, for the most part, easy for the soldiers who fought them. The territory—jungle, desert, swamp, or mountain—and the climate posed severe physical strain; but that could be cheerfully borne by those who were physically fit, often, indeed, regarded as an adventurous challenge. The greater challenge was to the soldier's morale. Except in the case of Israel, and perhaps in some cases in the Indo-Pakistan wars, he was not supported by the feeling that his home country was in danger and that he had the full support of the nation and its leaders behind him. In the worst cases, as with the French in Indo-China and Algeria and the Americans in Vietnam, the reverse was true, especially in the later stages of all three campaigns, when it was clear that their nation had despaired of victory and was actively seeking means of extricating herself."

The traditionally superb organization, discipline, and training of the British Army has enabled it to fight protracted wars in such circumstances without itself falling to pieces. It has now enabled it to conduct an extraordinarily difficult operation, halfway across the world, and in the very different circumstances, including the circumstance that it never had to doubt the support of either the government or the nation at home. With its greater technological advantages, and

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operating much closer to home, perhaps the American armed forces could have done it much quicker. But does anyone today have any confidence that in similar circumstances, anywhere in the world, the American forces would have been commanded by their government to act so immediately and decisively?

With the exception of the Korean War, the Americans have given precious little proof since 1945 that they are willing (and able) either to conduct the swift and decisive military actions which Britain and Israel have undertaken in the past two months, or to sustain the kind of protracted engagements which kept the British for so long in Cyprus and still keep them in Northern Ireland, and which keep the French Army still operating with an enviable lack of publicity here, there, and everywhere in Africa north of the Equator. The simple fact is that northern and western Africa would be considerably more dangerous places if successive French governments were not willing to maintain an effective military presence in a vast and very unsettled region of the world.

It cannot be said too emphatically that both Israel and Britain, two Western democracies, have simultaneously demonstrated a political will and, in spite of their fragile economies, a military capability—both of which the world (friend as well as foe) has almost ceased to expect from the American government, its armed forces, or its people. This is not to say that the Americans are more cowardly or more incompetent than other nations. It is merely to say that its intentions as a keeper of order and peace in the world are hard to discover.

The question of where such exercises of conventional force by America were called for is catchpenny. For the point is that the world simply does not know where on earth—with the assumed exception of Europe—Congress would be willing to support the President in the dispatch and use of American forces. If the nation's interests are so defined that the whole of Africa, for example, is virtually ruled out as an area where American troops might be sent, then one can only go round all the other continents and ask to which danger spots, anticipated or unforeseen, America is reliably expected by any other nation to dispatch its forces, either in a swift military action or for a protracted engagement on the ground. The point is that at least since Vietnam—a war fought so unintelligently that it became even more unintelligible than it in fact was—American opinion is wholly unprepared for, and can barely imagine, any such actions anywhere as those undertaken by Israel and Britain.

Britain and Israel acted quickly and decisively against aggression by two nations and one terrorist organization which belong to what is now rather meaninglessly known as the third world—that "world" which American opinion, and especially the opinion of its rulers, is so afraid ever to offend. It is possible that the term had some meaning in the faraway days when the nonaligned nations first met under Marshal Tito's avuncular eye. It has no meaning today outside the General Assembly of the United Nations, which ought to be abolished. (The United States should perhaps continue to fund the Security Council, over whose decisions it has some control, but it should cease to fund the General Assembly. It should go through the budget of the U.N. and rigorously determine which of its agencies it will support.) This is a matter of more than common sense. It is extremely dangerous to try to build, and keep more or less at peace, an international order which is founded on a fiction. There is no third world today, capable of believable promise or action; we should abandon the pretense that there is.

CARTOON BY MIKE PETERS

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If this simple truth needed to be revealed, the forces of Britain and Israel revealed it. "Ah, but Latin America will come to the aid of the Argentines." That's what we heard in April. But apart from passing some wonderfully obscure resolutions, perhaps drafted by some of the wonderfully obscure Latin American writers, and apart from the offer of an old gun or two which then evaporated in the air, Argentina got nothing from the rest of Latin America or the whole third world to assist it in its lone fight against "colonial oppression." Similarly: "Ah, but the rest of the Arab world will come to the aid of the PLO." The rest of the Arab world has not stirred to pass even a resolution. Perhaps its writers are less wordy.

Neither have Arabs or Latin Americans imposed any boycotts against the West; nor has Mother Russia (always the American excuse for inaction) more than rustled her skirts. All the supposed dangers of decisive military action by the Western democracies have been stripped naked by two of them which are supposed to suffer from severe internal strains. It is American will that has been challenged by their actions.

THE AMERICAN obsession with Russia and so with nuclear weapons—of which the conservatives and neo-conservatives are perhaps even more guilty than the liberals—consistently weakens its will and competence in conventional actions. Here is a much abbreviated extract of Lord Carver's conclusions about the American conduct of the Korean War:

> Given the situation when the war started, there was little chance of the US and ROK forces holding the initial attack farther north than they did, and MacArthur's decision to concentrate on securing a firm base in the south-eastern corner was decisive in saving the country as was Walker's success in achieving it. Then MacArthur's bold stroke at Inchon was a brilliant example of military leadership. However, had it failed, he would have been condemned for rash imprudence and poor military judgment, accusations which he did more to deserve in brushing aside the risks inherent in his advance to the Yalu. He was not then, as Montgomery would have put it, properly balanced, and was forced to 'dance to the enemy's tune.' His reluctance to do so thereafter lay behind his insistence that the war could only be won by extending it to China itself. In pressing for this, he had a strong case. Mao Tse-tung had only recently extended his control over the whole of China and was embroiled in Tibet. With America's dominant nuclear power it is doubtful if Russia would in the event have dared to intervene at that time. If she had, the United States was in a better position to face it than she was ever likely to be again.

Even this extremely unfair abbreviation of Lord Carver's argument is nonetheless worth studying from the first word to the last. For every word counts, as a good soldier's do. His study of the Korean War, considering the range of decisions that were open to the Americans, including risking Russian intervention, carries a secondary but powerful reminder. America's obsession with its defeat in the Vietnam War—which is understandable only if Americans are surprised that they were defeated in a war in which the politicians never clarified the objectives—leads to an appalling neglect of the lessons of other wars.

In the Korean War the American forces were led by one of the greatest commanders in American history, Douglas MacArthur. The American nation was led by a remarkably decisive if not always percipient President, Harry Truman. America was given, although in varying degrees of commitment, the collaboration of its allies—including the immortal steadfastness and sacrifice of the Gloucesters in the great retreat—the last war in which U.S. and British troops stood shoulder to shoulder. From the point of view of the exact politico-military decisions which make the difference between victory and defeat, the Korean War has far more to teach politicians and soldiers and the people themselves than the Vietnam War.

The mention of the Gloucesters raises another point. I could not be unaffected, as the British troops set sail for the Falklands, by the words of American reporters. "The Welsh Guards, one of the finest regiments in the British Army. . . . The Scots Guards, perhaps the best fighting unit in the world today. . . . The Gurkhas, the fiercest fighting force. . . . " All true, in a way. And the British paratroops, and the British Special Forces, of whom the British military spokesman said at the beginning, when he was asked if some had already been landed on the Falklands, "It is enough to say that the British Special Forces are good—very, very good." All true, all true. But why do American reporters never use such phrases of the American armed forces? If it is said that this is due to the loss of prestige which American forces suffered in Vietnam, then that only strengthens my question; because the military did its job in Vietnam, as Lord Carver says, as well and as bravely as the bungling politicians made it possible.

I KNOW that liberal magazines and their readers in America do not take their armed services very seriously—until they go overboard in some favored, popular war, whether from 1941 to 1945, at the beginning of the Korean War, and even for some time in the Vietnam War. They then go too far, as the politicians and the country do, by over-ideologizing the war as a "good" war, and by overkill in its conduct. A great nation cannot hope to defend itself properly or exercise its power intelligently and exactly in a dangerous world if it does not honor its armed services *in peacetime*. With all his soldier's distaste for war, Lord Carver concludes with these three sentences. "The sad fact of life is that, if evil is not resisted, it will prevail. That is the justification for the use of force to deter, and if necessary, to defeat those who turn to it to further their own ends, *the justification for maintaining in the service of the community and the state, forces who are trained, skilled and well-equipped to meet that challenge when and*

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wherever it arises. Their profession is an honourable one" (my italics).

Their profession—in peacetime. That is the point. There is serious weakness in the organization of the American Army. Its various units are not so recruited, trained, and maintained (as British regiments are) that they incite any territorial or other loyalty in those who compose them, or any immediate recognition and so affection in the populace. It is hard to give loyalty to fighting units known only by numerals. The draft would do nothing to create such loyalty if those who are conscripted are not organized and trained in units whose traditions and standards create bonds of self-respect and emulation.

But even that is really to dodge the point. In countries of aristocratic tradition, the armed services are a peacetime profession with prestige. But does the "elite" in America give prestige to its armed services in peace, so that its own sons might as naturally choose to enter West Point as M.I.T.? Its attitude is like its attitude to its police: give them no support in their more peaceful duties—such as pressing charges against the middle class for traffic offenses—but then expect them to win the war against "real" crime.

In the late 1960s, I told the editor of the *New Yorker* that I would like to attempt profiles of American institutions in the way in which it publishes profiles of people. He was interested in the idea. What institution would I like to start with? "The U.S. Marines," I said. It was St. Patrick's Day. He had just published the excerpts which made *The Greening of America* one of the most simple-minded books ever to be elevated into a best seller. As he saw me to the elevator, I risked a joke. "Well, back into the Greening of New York," I said, as I prepared to plunge back into the parades.

But I will never forget his reply when I proposed writing a profile of the U.S. Marines: "We do not like war here. Just as we used to run Liebling's pieces about heavyweight boxing, but have stopped carrying pieces about boxing, because it hurts people, so we don't like war and pieces about the armed services." How terribly, terribly sweet. There are the offices of the *New Yorker*, to say nothing of the Algonquin, protected by the armed services of the United States, and he will not run a profile of the U.S. Marines. My bleat to him—"But professional armed forces like the Marines kill fewer people than improvised forces like the Green Berets"—carried no weight. Yet it is the point that matters most of all.

By far the most intellectual field commander of the American Army during World War II was General George C. Patton. His letters and writings are vital documents to anyone interested in the exercise of necessary power *at as little cost as possible* to oneself and the enemy alike. The fact that he could have struck for Berlin, before the Russians got there, is just an earlier reflection of the Truman-MacArthur struggle. If we listen only to the politicians, who declare war, and never to the soldiers, who wage it, we will never understand the moral imperatives of power. It was General Moshe Dayan who said, at the end of the Vietnam War, "The American junior officers who served in Vietnam will make a brilliant generation of American commanders a few years from now." I am sometimes invited to lecture to them. There is no audience, from Harvard to Berkeley, which asks more intelligent questions. But I will swear that they will not willingly fight again until they feel assured that the American government and people will back them up even when the going gets rough.

LORD CARVER reestablishes some old principles of which the British and Israeli actions remind us again. He emphasizes the profound importance of good intelligence, "or accurate and timely information, both in the political and military field. In almost all these wars, even in Israel's intelligence about her neighbor's intentions and dispositions, politicians and soldiers were surprised, not only at the outbreak of hostilities, but also by their nature and extent. In almost every case, the threat and force required to meet it was underestimated." Saying that it is folly to "run risks in letting either one's warning system or one's ability to react rapidly to a threat to one's interests wither or rust," he then adds, "All these wars show that a quick reaction with sufficient force may save a load of trouble later."

But the standards of judgment most worth applying are in this strong sentence: "The outstanding politico-military lesson is an old one: that one should clarify one's aim before one embarks upon a military operation; ruthlessly and objectively dissect and analyze where it will lead one, what is to be gained from it, and what one will be faced with when it is over." All of these standards were met in the British and Israeli actions, with the possible exception, which many will at once raise, of the last consideration: " . . . what one will be faced with when it is over." This is an exacting standard, which I find it hard to believe Lord Carver really means, for it is almost impossible to meet. When World War II was finished, the Allies were left with a Europe which was in more of a mess, and in many ways a more dangerous place, than it had been six years earlier. No one could have predicted what they would be "left with," and those who came nearest to predicting it were the appeasers, who said that the cost of getting rid of Hitler would be too high.

In the Falklands and Lebanon wars, Argentina, Syria, and the PLO were the aggressors, and Britain and Israel uprooted them from where they had no right to be. If that is not principle enough for which to fight, one would dearly like to know what is a *casus belli*. The question merely hangs in the air with the smoke of battle: when and where will the American people and government give their own armed forces the chance to be as clean?

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Hinckley got off, but the verdict on the insanity defense is guilty.

IT'S A MAD, MAD VERDICT

BY STEPHEN COHEN

IF THE LAW truly means what it says, then John W. Hinckley Jr. had to be found not guilty of the attempted murder of the President of the United States. Not because he didn't do it—and not even because the defense proved that mental illness caused his acts—but because the jury could not help entertaining a reasonable doubt about Hinckley's sanity at the time of the shooting. As a matter of logic, that reasonable doubt left no lawful choice but to acquit the man who shot President Reagan and three other people in full view of hundreds of millions of television watchers.

Yet as the jury began to deliberate, few observers expected that kind of strict legal logic to prevail. Hinckley would certainly be convicted, the experts thought, if only because the idea that someone can shoot the President and not be punished for it is so abhorrent to both common sense and civil order. And if the initial reactions of ordinary people are any indication, the verdict has deeply outraged the sense of justice of most Americans.

Moreover, the verdict in this case seems to damage the stated purpose of the insanity defense, which is to affirm that most individuals are responsible for their actions, and, at the same time, to identify the very few who are utterly—and, in a moral sense, blamelessly—unable to control their conduct. In short, what the Hinckley case shows is that the insanity defense needs to be radically changed—in its definition of insanity, its allocation of the burden of proof, or both—or even abolished.

Hinckley's lawyers portrayed him as living out a delusion based on the movie *Taxi Driver*, obsessed with frustrated love for Jodie Foster, and suffering from a severe mental illness that caused his acts. The government, conceding that Hinckley was somewhat disturbed, argued that he nonetheless plotted and carried out the shooting as an easy means to achieve instant fame, and that he could have chosen not to attack the President. With expert opinion so deeply divided, why was acquittal a logical necessity? The answer is in the law on burden of proof—that is, who must prove what to the jury.

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That law varies from jurisdiction to jurisdiction; in the federal court where Hinckley was tried, it happens to be unusually favorable to the defense. At the start, Hinckley, like all criminal defendants, was presumed by the law to be sane and therefore responsible for his conduct. But as soon as the defense introduced some evidence of insanity, the burden shifted to the prosecution. The defense was not obliged to prove that Hinckley was insane; the prosecution, on the other hand, *was* obliged to prove that he was sane, and to do so beyond a reasonable doubt. So even if the government's psychiatrists convinced the jury that Hinckley was probably sane, the picture drawn by the defense was enough to create a nagging doubt—and that, it turned out, was all it took.

The choice of experts for the defense team was deliberately unorthodox. For most insanity trials, lawyers hire forensic psychiatrists, professional witnesses who make a career of testifying in court and who engage in little outside medical practice. According to Dr. Willard Gaylin, a noted authority on psychiatry and law, "If you drew up a list of the fifty, one hundred, or ten thousand most prominent psychiatrists in the country, the doctors that lawyers use would not be on the list." These same psychiatrists turn up again and again in criminal cases. Like pro football players, they specialize in offense or defense, and their beliefs on critical issues seem to be determined more by the side they represent than by a fair examination of the issues.

The defense—in a stroke of brilliance or perhaps just an act of desperation—picked, as two of its three expert psychiatrists, eminent researchers in schizophrenia, Dr. Michael Bear and Dr. William Carpenter, neither of whom had prior courtroom experience. During the trial, the "untried" experts seemed awkward on the witness stand, especially in comparison with the polished performances of the experts on the opposing side; and the government argued that experts without criminal trial experience could not accurately evaluate criminal patients. The jury evidently disagreed.

The doubts raised by the defense psychiatrists were reinforced by other evidence. While awaiting trial, Hinckley twice tried to commit suicide. In May 1981 he swallowed a large number of Tylenol tablets. Six

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months later he jammed his cell door with a cracker box and hanged himself from the window bars. By the time guards climbed to his window from the outside and cut down his noose, he was turning blue. The judge was clearly worried that there might be a violent outburst or even another suicide attempt at the trial. Two federal marshals were stationed directly behind Hinckley at all times, with orders to keep lead pencils and paper clips out of his reach.

Sophisticated medical technology introduced physical evidence suggesting that Hinckley was abnormal. A CAT scan (a computer-enhanced, three-dimensional X-ray) showed organic abnormalities in Hinckley's brain, and a defense expert testified that folds, or solci, showed signs of atrophy. The prosecution challenged this testimony with its own expert who saw no evidence of atrophy in the brain pictures. If the atrophy does exist, it by no means proves that Hinckley was mentally ill, even though atrophy occurs ten times more often in schizophrenics than in apparently normal adults (30 percent versus 3 percent). But the effect of this evidence was to plant additional seeds of doubt.

The jury's doubts may also have been strengthened by the grave errors committed by psychiatrists who treated Hinckley during the year before the shooting. Dr. Michael Hopper, who saw Hinckley about a dozen times, prescribed biofeedback and meditation exercises. He convinced Hinckley's father to banish Hinckley from home—despite the anguished protests of Hinckley's brother and sister, who felt that he could not cope in the outside world and wanted him committed to a mental hospital. Both Hopper and another psychiatrist, whom Hinckley saw while a student in Texas, treated him with valium for his complaints. Yet many doctors say that valium is "contraindicated" for schizophrenics, because it may cause violent behavior. According to the defense, to prescribe the drug for Hinckley was a medical disaster, or in the words of one of his lawyers, it was "like throwing gasoline on a lighted fire." Only hours before shooting Reagan, Hinckley says, he took twenty milligrams of valium, two to four times the usual dosage.

SURVEY THE evidence of the defense on the issue of Hinckley's sanity: the suicide attempts, the CAT scan, the blunders of Dr. Hopper and other psychiatrists Hinckley was seeing, the experts' evaluations, and the emotional descriptions of Hinckley's troubles by his immediate family. Then consider the prosecution's case: the expert psychiatrists and the testimony of police and a physician who said Hinckley was calm and rational immediately after his arrest. And finally, recall the prosecution's very heavy burden of proof: to show decisively that Hinckley was sane.

Yet the announcement of the verdict had an extraordinary impact. Seasoned courtroom observers present during the entire trial were shocked. Why were they so certain that the jury would reject the insanity defense and convict Hinckley?

The first and greatest obstacle to acquittal was the undisputed fact that Hinckley had fired a bullet into the body of the President of the United States. During the past two decades, there have been eight attempts to murder Presidents, Presidential candidates, and other national leaders. Four victims died (John and Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and Allard Lowenstein), one was crippled for life (George Wallace), one was seriously wounded (Ronald Reagan), and one emerged unscathed from two separate attempts (Jerry Ford). How, it was asked, could the jury possibly find Hinckley not guilty, knowing the message that it would send to potential assassins?

THE SECOND obstacle was the well-established reluctance of juries to acquit by reason of insanity except in the most extreme and obvious cases of mental disturbance. In federal court, where Hinckley was tried, the test for insanity is met if the defendant engages in criminal conduct either because he "lacks substantial capacity to appreciate the wrongfulness of his conduct or to conform his conduct to the requirements of law." But experienced trial lawyers know that this or any other legal formula has little impact on jurors, who tend to follow their own intuitive judgments regardless of what they are told by the judge. One criminal attorney calls it the "fireplug rule." He explains, "Jurors think you're sane unless you're a fireplug or swinging from the trees"—that is, unless you're stark staring mad or stark raving mad—"and Hinckley is neither." Empirical studies bear out this impression. Juries in mock trials tend to reach the same results whether the definition of insanity they are given is broad or narrow, and they acquit only the most extremely and obviously mentally ill.

Prosecutor Roger Adelman certainly tried to appeal to the fireplug rule. Cross-examining defense expert William Carpenter, who claimed that Hinckley had suffered from schizophrenia for a number of years, Adelman demanded: "Didn't the defendant attend a Texas college and receive an A-minus on a book report? Didn't he manage to make plane reservations? Didn't he find his way in and out of New York City? And wasn't this during the same time you say he was suffering from schizophrenia?"

The third obstacle was the reluctance of juries to acquit if it leads to early release of the defendant. An informal poll I conducted of spectators queued up to enter the trial illustrates the point. Everyone in line agreed on two points: first, that Hinckley was absolutely loony, and second, that he should be convicted so that he'd be off the streets. What was the jury told about the consequences of a successful insanity defense? The judge answered the question for them in terms of abstract legal principles. Hinckley would be automatically committed to a mental hospital for fifty days, and he would then be entitled to a hearing to

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determine his eligibility for release. After that, he could seek a review in six months. This made it sound as if Hinckley could very well get out in a few years or even months.

In fact, Hinckley's future prospects are far less promising. Despite the acquittal, it seems certain that he will be confined for decades, if not for the rest of his life. He could be released only if a judge, after hearing from psychiatrists, finds that he is no longer dangerous. But what psychiatrist, even for hire, would risk such a prediction? And, if such a psychiatrist could be found, what judge would accept the prediction and order Hinckley's release? The jury, however, almost certainly could not learn these practical aspects from the theoretical cast of the instructions. The law does not require further explanation, and Judge Barrington Parker did not offer it on his own.

When these three obstacles are considered, it seems inconceivable that all twelve jurors could have found Hinckley not guilty. If ever there were a case in which the jury could be expected to suppress its "reasonable doubt," this was it. The overwhelming sentiment against the verdict indicates that the insanity defense is in need of substantial modification or, better, outright abolition.

One possibility is to lighten the government's burden of proof. Had Hinckley not been tried in a federal court—in a local District of Columbia court, for example—he could have faced an entirely different rule. The District of Columbia requires the defendant to carry the burden and to show "by a preponderance of the evidence" that he was insane. The case ended up in a federal rather than a local court, by the way, because of the recently enacted federal anti-assassination law. One of the ironies of this case is that a law designed expressly to protect Presidents made it easier to acquit someone who actually shot one.

JOHN HINCKLEY BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

But this does not mean that the federal burden of proof was necessarily the cause of the jury's failure to convict Hinckley. It does make it possible to say that acquittal was logically required. But in light of the jury's unanimous insanity verdict, it is doubtful that all twelve members would have convicted Hinckley even under a tougher burden of proof. At most, the result might have been a hung jury rather than a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity.

A second possibility is to return to the narrow definition of insanity that existed in the nineteenth century, which called for acquittal only if the defendant could not tell right from wrong and this was the cause of the criminal act. In recent weeks there have been serious proposals to adopt the narrowest definition. But these efforts to reshape the boundaries of the legal definition of insanity are problematic, since jurors will continue to apply their own judgments of what is mentally aberrant.

Does, then, the insanity defense achieve its stated purposes? One argument is that it serves an important symbolic function: by excluding from blame those who commit crimes due to mental disease, we affirm that most will be held morally responsible. But instead of affirming moral responsibility, in the Hinckley case acquittal negates it. Particularly because the victim was the President, much of the public believes that Hinckley has duped the system and evaded responsibility for his acts.

And suppose that despite the very long odds against Hinckley's release, his attorneys contest his civil commitment at some point in the near future. Then the public will see positions flip-flop. The defense argued that Hinckley was sick; now it must contend that he is well. The government argued that he was well; now it must say that he is sick. As a matter of strict logic, neither side is being inconsistent, since the insanity

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defense is concerned with the moment when the crime was committed, and the focus of civil commitment is on future conduct. But this distinction is lost on the public, and the unseemly switch in positions will not do much for the principle of moral responsibility.

A second argument for the insanity defense is that it's wrong to punish someone who does not have the capacity for free choice. A six-year-old child, for example, who finds a loaded gun and pulls the trigger is not held criminally responsible for murder. By analogy, it is said, crimes caused by mental illness should not be punished. But the analogy is flawed. Although no one can pinpoint the precise moment when a child is sufficiently mature to be held responsible, the law uses age to draw a rough and ready, but distinct, line. But how do you tell whether an adult has free will?

Psychiatrists have tried to apply the concept of mental illness in determining who does and does not have free will. This approach mistakenly suggests that the process of detecting psychological disturbances closely resembles diagnosis of physical disease. Tuberculosis, for example, can be diagnosed according to reasonably objective criteria—the reaction to a skin test or the pattern on a chest X-ray—and has an established physical cause, the tuberculin bacillus. But the diagnostic criteria for schizophrenia are highly subjective. One person's delusions may be another's religion. As Lily Tomlin says, "If you speak to God, it's prayer; if God speaks to you, it's schizophrenia." The inherent vagueness in the concept of mental illness was illustrated in the furious debate between psychiatrists for the defense and the prosecution in the Hinckley case. And even if psychiatric detection of mental illness were reliable, there is a further issue: has the mental issue seriously impaired the defendant's free will? This is a question for a moral philosopher, not a medical psychiatrist.

FOR THESE reasons the insanity defense as it now exists should be abolished. It would, of course, be inhumane to find someone like Hinckley guilty and send him to prison without doing more. However heinous his acts and however much he deserves to be convicted, Hinckley is still terribly sick and needs psychiatric help for the period of his confinement. In this context, the analogy to physical illness is much more persuasive. Would we deny a convict treatment for TB, simply because he has been found guilty of a crime? Ideally, then, insanity should be relevant, not for the jury on the issue of guilt or innocence, but for the judge on sentencing. It should be reflected in the conditions under which the defendant is confined after conviction, and not in the jury's verdict on criminal responsibility.

The modern insanity standard evolved from an earlier political assassination case. In the 1840s, Daniel M'Naghten killed the private secretary of Sir Robert Peel, the British Prime Minister, in a bungled attempt on Peel's life. Although M'Naghten's acquittal by reason of insanity outraged the public at the time and seriously affronted Queen Victoria, the House of Lords upheld the verdict on appeal. If Hinckley's trial causes the insanity defense to be abolished, we will have come full circle. Political assassinations will have established and then abolished the insanity defense.

The culture of political homicide.

An Assassin's Portrait

By Priscilla Johnson McMillan

AS HE LISTENED to witnesses recount the story of his life, John W. Hinckley Jr. glanced around the court, sometimes with an amused half-smile, sometimes with a wince of distress. Several times he was moved to storm out, and once, near the end of the trial, to tears. Hinckley is limp-looking, pale, and rather small—a sack of tan gabardine. He looks like a boy, not like a man of twenty-seven, and even less like a man capable of going on a shooting spree, as he did outside the Washington Hilton on March 30, 1981, wounding the President of the United States and three other men and nearly killing one of them.

The picture of this man presented by sorrowing parents and a parade of psychiatrists is the picture of what is becoming an American type: the lone assassin. It is the picture of a man who, lacking a sense of who he is, shops among artifacts of our culture—books, movies, TV programs, song lyrics, newspaper clippings—to fashion a character. This man, who cannot form friendships or hold a steady job, goes on a murderous rampage like that of a character he has seen many times in a film; some of his shots hit the President; he becomes one of the bit players of our history. It is a story that makes us wonder what kind of art we produce, and what kind of life, that the two are so murderously and so frequently intertwined.

Hinckley's life at first seems typical of an American boy growing up in the suburbs in the 1960s and 1970s. Of the assassins of the last twenty years, he is the first to come from the upper-middle class. He was born in 1955 and spent much of his childhood in Highland Park, a secure suburb of Dallas. His father was a successful businessman, and the Hinckleys moved several times when Hinckley was growing up. After one

Priscilla Johnson McMillan is the author of *Marina and Lee* (Harper & Row).

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move (the year John entered sixth grade) his parents noticed that he did not adjust very well or make new friends. Retreating to his room, where he spent hours playing his guitar and listening to Beatles records, he established a pattern of isolation that he would maintain throughout high school. He wanted to be a rock star, but was unwilling to play the guitar for others. By the end of the 1960s, when Hinckley entered high school, hippie culture had made its way to Highland Park. "The atmosphere affected me," Hinckley wrote in an account of his life which he prepared for a defense psychiatrist, Dr. John Hopper. "I was becoming more rebellious and uncommunicative." But, he added, "I never took drugs or drank." In a phrase drawn not from the hippie 1960s, but from the anomic 1950s—a phrase that is another of the disconnected icons that clutter his mind—Hinckley describes himself as he finished high school as "a rebel without a cause."

In 1973 the Hinckleys moved from Highland Park to Evergreen, Colorado, and that fall John enrolled at Texas Tech University in Lubbock. He spent seven years there, on and off, without ever graduating. After his first year he moved off campus, lived alone, read racist and other extreme right-wing literature, and dreamed of becoming a successful singer, guitarist, and songwriter. In 1976 he went to Hollywood, where he spent several months. But he failed to cut a record or even to make any contacts. He seems to have spent much of his time in Hollywood seeing and thinking about the movie *Taxi Driver*. He saw it fifteen times. Hinckley withdrew into a fantasy world in which he imagined that he was Travis Bickle, the possessed protagonist of *Taxi Driver* who stalks a political candidate, intending to kill him. He imagined that he had a girl friend, as Travis had in the movie, and he composed letters to his parents in which he described fictitious outings with her. In one letter he informed his parents that he and his girl friend had split up, and added, "Now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'm going to go and kill myself." This was a theme that was to recur.

IN THE COURSE of the trial Hinckley's defense lawyers presented extensive documentation of the Hinckley angst. He is a prolific versifier, and his despairing poems are clearly modeled on Beatles songs. In one poem he writes, "Quiet, please. For I am in the process of passing away, and I do not wish to be disturbed." In another he tells of seeking out a prostitute on 42nd Street, just as Travis, in the movie, seeks out the young prostitute played by Jodie Foster, in the hope of rescuing her. And in a tipsy monologue which he recorded on New Year's Eve in 1980, three months before he shot Reagan, Hinckley tells of his shock over the death of John Lennon and his desire to do something, possibly something violent, to win Jodie Foster and enter into a death pact with her.

At Hinckley's trial, a train of psychiatrists sought to explain his behavior, and thereby either to absolve him of, or to connect him with, the responsibility for an act that no one denies he committed. By the depth of their disagreement, the doctors succeeded in demonstrating that the question they wish to answer—the question of a man's inner motivation—exists in a realm far removed from that of indisputable, scientific fact. All that is left is a collection of cultural shards—the bits and pieces of popular culture, torn from their contexts, out of which Hinckley assembled a substitute for a self: Travis Bickle and Jodie Foster, the Beatles, and there were others.

THE BOOKS and clippings which were found among Hinckley's possessions after the assassination attempt provide glimpses of how his fantasies had taken hold of his life. He had *Romeo and Juliet*, its tale of doomed young lovers a distant reverberation of the pact he fancied making with Jodie Foster. He had J. D. Salinger's catechism of maladjusted youth, *The Catcher In The Rye*, and Gerold Frank's gruesome account of serial murder, *The Boston Strangler*. He had a book about another sex killer named Ted Bundy, a book about skyjacking, a newspaper clipping about the death of Elvis Presley, Joan Baez's autobiography, *Daybreak*, and Max Lerner's *Ted and the Kennedy Legend*. Finally, he had *Reagan in Pursuit of the Presidency—1980*, by Doug and Bill Wead, and *Reagan: The Man, The President*, by a team of *New York Times* reporters.

In addition to all this, Hinckley drew upon a genre of American folklore that did not exist before November 22, 1963: the literature and the cultural detritus of assassination. At Texas Tech he had read Robert Blair Kaiser's book about Sirhan Sirhan, *RFK Must Die*, and my biography of Lee Harvey Oswald, *Marina and Lee*. And there were guns: Hinckley bought a rifle exactly like the one Oswald used to shoot President Kennedy, and his arsenal contained the same number of guns as Travis Bickle's. In private, he played the soundtrack of *Taxi Driver*—a film that is itself part of the popular culture of assassination—and aimed his .38 at the television set, exactly as Travis had.

One of the assassins upon whom Hinckley seems to have modeled his actions is Arthur H. Bremer, who, on May 15, 1972, shot and maimed Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Also among Hinckley's possessions on March 30, 1981, were articles from *Time* magazine and the *Dallas Morning News* about the shooting of Wallace, and Bremer's book, *An Assassin's Diary*, in which Bremer describes stalking President Nixon in Ottawa, Canada, a few months before he shot Wallace. Bremer's ambivalence—when he was well positioned to shoot Nixon, he decided to return to his hotel room and change into a suit that would look better on TV—is very like the ambivalence of Hinckley, who in the fall of 1980 stalked President Carter and got so close to him that he turned up on a chilling piece of video tape, shown in the courtroom, of a Carter campaign stop.

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But the political assailant whose behavior Hinckley's most resembles is Lee Harvey Oswald. Hinckley's possessions also included a book by Jesse Curry, who was chief of police in Dallas when Kennedy was killed; a story from the September 28, 1964, *Dallas Morning News,* the day the Warren Commission Report was released; and my book about Oswald. The similarities between the two men are uncanny. In the months before he shot Kennedy, Oswald had two photographs taken of himself in which he held his rifle and had a pistol at his waist. Before Hinckley shot Reagan, he too had two photographs taken. In one photo he held his rifle and in the other he held the rifle and had a pistol at his waist. In the farewell note which Hinckley left behind in his Washington hotel room for Jodie Foster, he says, "Give me the chance with this historical deed to win your respect and your love." Oswald, as Hinckley knew from reading *Marina and Lee,* called his diary his "Historic Diary," and frequently listened to an aria from a Russian opera in which the hero, who is about to commit a murder, sings to the young girl he loves, "I would perform a heroic deed of unheard-of prowess for your sake."

Hinckley and Oswald had both already attempted suicide. Both had stalked other political figures (Oswald shot at and missed Major General Edwin A. Walker in April 1963). Each had fantasies about becoming President himself and moving into the White House with the woman he cared about, and each had elaborate fantasies about hijacking an airplane. Each created a fictitious political organization of which he was imaginary head—Hinckley a right-wing organization called the American Front, and Oswald a nonexistent New Orleans chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Each seems to have interpreted a President's physical proximity—for Oswald a decisive factor was the route that would carry the Presidential motorcade past the building in which he worked, and for Hinckley it was a wave and a smile which he thought the President directed at him, and his surprise that he was able to get within a few feet of his target, as Travis Bickle had not—as a signal to go ahead. Each shot a President partly in order to impress a woman. Finally, each expected to be acclaimed a hero, Oswald having in mind the reception accorded a hero of his, Will Cain in the movie *High Noon,* and Hinckley again having in mind Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver.*

BUT IN THE END it was another assassin who seems to have impelled Hinckley to go ahead with his "historic act": Mark David Chapman, the killer of John Lennon, whom Hinckley described as "the only person I ever idolized." In October 1980, while at his parents' home in Evergreen, Hinckley attempted suicide by taking an overdose of an antidepressant drug which had been prescribed for him, Surmontil, and that same autumn, during the Presidential election campaign, he trailed Jimmy Carter to Dayton and Nashville. After the election, Hinckley went to Washington to stalk the President-elect, where he photographed himself outside Ford's Theater, the scene of Abraham Lincoln's assassination, and where he learned that John Lennon had been killed on December 8. Hinckley went to New York to attend a vigil for Lennon, and wrote an essay about his death, which he called, "I Read the News Today, Oh No," the title a parody of the first line of a well-known Lennon song, and the last sentence a parody of another Beatles song: "John Lennon died a couple of weeks ago and I died too. Bang, bang, we're all dead."

Hinckley and Chapman had both admired Lennon and the Beatles from early adolescence, had grown up in the South, were unemployed guitar players, were obsessed with guns, feared they were insane, and had attempted suicide. When Chapman killed Lennon he was carrying a copy of *The Catcher In The Rye,* a book that was also found in Hinckley's Washington hotel room. And so Hinckley now carried a highly charged burden of associations to which was added a feeling of rivalry with Chapman. Along with sorrow and shock, Hinckley may very well have felt envy at the news of Lennon's assassination. Why hadn't he thought of doing it himself? (In his prison cell in Missouri, James Earl Ray, after hearing of the assassination of President Kennedy, was angry he had not done it. He coveted Oswald's sudden fame, and resolved that if he ever got out of jail, he would kill Martin Luther King Jr.)

It is not improbable that Hinckley now felt compelled to go Chapman one better. (Chapman was later to feel jealous of Hinckley, too, but finally concluded that music was more powerful than politics, and he had, after all, shot the more important man.) To the emotions that had brought Hinckley during the autumn of 1980 to attempt suicide and to stalk two Presidents had now been added a new set of feelings which made him feel more strongly than ever that there was no way to ease his inner pain except through violence—preferably through an act that would entail his own death.

Hinckley did not die when he attempted to kill Reagan four months after John Lennon's death, but he accomplished much that he had set out to do. He became "a front-page killer," he proudly told one of his defense psychiatrists, and he would enter the history books, where his name will always be linked with that of Jodie Foster. His act gained her notice in a way his quieter attentions failed to do.

At the moment he shot Reagan, Hinckley seems to have believed he was enacting his fate. He reassembled messages from the culture all of us share, and did what he imagined they commanded him to do. He has added his bit to the sad and ugly lore out of which he pieced himself together, giving the next assassin, whoever he is, that much more to draw upon. In enacting his unhappy fate he has revealed to us some of the jagged edges of our time.

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How Spain's Communists are destroying themselves.

CARRILLO'S COLLAPSE

BY BENJAMIN MARTIN

Madrid

IN THE WEEKS and months following the death of Francisco Franco, the future looked bright for the Spanish Communist Party. Now, six years later, the Party is a spent force. Its previously unchallengeable secretary general, Santiago Carrillo, is in serious trouble. In early June, under attack from senior figures in the Party, he suddenly resigned, then withdrew his resignation four days later. It was an embarrassing public display of weakness, and it confirmed what has been clear to close observers of the Party for some time: Spanish Communism is going nowhere.

It was not always thus. By the late 1960s, in spite of and partly because of persecution and illegality, the Party, know as the PCE from its Spanish initials, had emerged as the best organized and most influential force within the anti-Franco opposition. With the beginning of the democratic transition in 1976 and the legalization of the Party in 1977, its membership shot up to an estimated 200,000, making it the country's largest party. Its dominance of organized labor seemed clear. Its rival on the left, the Spanish Socialist Workers Party, had got off to a late start, and seemed resigned to a lesser role for a long time to come.

The course charted by Santiago Carrillo was an adaptation of the Italian Communist Party's Eurocommunist strategy. The shift had begun in 1968 with the PCE's denunciation of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, and during the initial years of the democratic transition the party jettisoned much of the doctrinal trappings of orthodox Communism. It renounced Leninism and the dictatorship of the proletariat; it embraced parliamentary democracy and political pluralism. Carrillo's book, *Eurocommunism and the State*, created a stir by questioning the Socialist credentials of the Soviet Union. With much fanfare, the Party embraced East European dissidents, including Poland's Solidarity movement, and it loudly censured the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. But internally, "democratic centralism" remained a fundamental tenet. Ironically, the renunciation of Leninism was conducted bureaucratically, from above, without any serious internal discussion. Carrillo was clearly preoccupied more with cosmetic political maneuvering than with the search for an alternative theoretical model.

Carrillo hoped to repeat the Italian success in assuming the place within the political spectrum normally occupied by Socialists. By making the PCE rhetorically almost indistinguishable from a moderate Socialist party, Carrillo expected to be able to take advantage of his Party's superior organizational resources and its potent trade union strength to mobilize the moderate left vote. He intended thereby to make the best of a situation in which the fragility of Spain's democratic changeover in any case ruled out radical militant alternatives.

The outcome of the first post-Franco parliamentary elections, on June 15, 1977, dealt a stunning blow to Communist expectations. The Party's popular vote was only 9 percent; the Socialists won three times as many votes and six times more parliamentary seats. The PCE hadn't taken into account the popularity of the Socialists' charismatic young leader, Felipe González. Nor had it realized the power of "historical memory"—both the special regard among Spanish workers for the Socialist Workers Party, which goes back to pre-civil war times, and the adverse recollections of the Communists' duplicitous role in the civil war, which were kept green by the presence in the PCE leadership of Carrillo and many other civil war veterans.

The 1977 electoral debacle elicited little open questioning of the Party line. Most Party members agreed that more time was needed to overcome decades of Francoist anti-Communist propaganda. But the 1979 election confirmed the Socialists' dominance, and in its wake Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez, assured of a second term, abandoned a political alliance with Carrillo that had been intended to diminish Socialist electoral prospects, thus further increasing the Communists' political isolation. Worse, the hegemony of the PCE-dominated Workers Commissions in the trade union field was being steadily eroded by the Socialist-aligned General Workers Union.

Once the 1979 elections made it clear that Carrillo's plan had failed, the Party's innumerable tensions erupted. Thousands of members quit; by 1981 the PCE had lost about half its 200,000 members, including some 14,000 in the Madrid area alone. Part of that loss was the result of a marked drop in political participation that has affected all Spanish political parties and

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unions in recent years. But the PCE's losses went well beyond anything experienced by other political movements, and those losses were proportionately greater among professionals and intellectuals—people like Eugenio Traina, a well-known engineer who was considered one of the best minds in the Party leadership; Ramon Tamames, a leading economist who was the Party's top vote-getter in Madrid and until last year the city's deputy mayor; and Julio Segura, the Party's leading spokesman on economic policy.

TWO PARTY events during the past year were especially stormy: the congress of the PCE's Catalonia branch, known as the United Socialist Party of Catalonia (PSUC), and a similar gathering of the national organization. The PSUC had been the outstanding success story of the Spanish Communist movement. It was the model for those who have sought to modernize the Party. In the final years of Francoism, the PSUC already boasted a membership of well over 5,000 in Barcelona alone. After legalization, membership jumped to 40,000.

The PSUC won 18 percent of the vote in Catalonia in 1977, three times more than the PCE average elsewhere, and eight of the twenty Communist parliamentary seats were from Catalonia. But the PSUC chafed under the Party's leadership in Madrid, especially at a time of rising sentiment for regional autonomy. The government was gradually dismantling the centralized structure inherited from the Franco regime, and this popular move found little echo in a Party leadership that remained adamantly centralist. Resentments also grew among PSUC labor activists over Carrillo's policies of restraint and moderation in collective bargaining at a time of mass layoffs and recession.

By 1980 discontent within the PSUC led to the formation of three separate factions: the "Eurocommunists," whose adherents occupied the key Party posts; the misnamed "Leninists," composed largely of labor activists; and the pro-Soviet "Afghans," with a large working-class following in the industrial towns. The Leninists, essentially left-wing Eurocommunists, sought a return to more militant policies, and the Afghans, a nickname derived from their support of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, called both for more radical policies and for a return to orthodoxy.

The pro-Soviet minorities in all the so-called Eurocommunist parties have tended to remain grudgingly quiescent so long as political prospects are good. But once Party fortunes falter, the old faith tends to reassert itself. In Spain, ironically, the reemergence of Communist conservatism has been greatest in Catalonia, where the local Party has gone furthest in internal liberalization. The PSUC congress resulted in the ousting of the Eurocommunists from Party control. Their replacement, a coalition of Leninists and Afghans, was pledged to a program that clashed with national Party policy and that provocatively omitted any mention of Eurocommunism. As a result, relations between Barcelona and Madrid became increasingly strained.

At the national PCE congress the challenge came from the right—from a group called the "Renovators," representing 30 percent of the delegates and composed largely of well-educated young people who joined the Party during the 1960s and 1970s. Many of them have held important positions either within the Party or as elected public officials. Though they had few real differences with the leadership over most Eurocommunist policies, they represent a brand of Communism shaped not by the civil war but by the later struggle against Franco authoritarianism inside Spain. Jaime Sartorious, a leading spokesman, observes, "We Renovators are Communists who were formed fighting for democracy." And in their years of clandestine work, they had grown used to considerable latitude in formulating their own policies.

After legalization, though, Carrillo placed returned exiles in key positions of Party authority—old-line, disciplined Communists he could rely on to enforce loyalty to the Party apparatus. Overnight, the younger *leaders discovered that their freewheeling ways had* ended, and that the Party apparatus was in the hands of men of the Stalin era whose concept of party leadership was distinctly authoritarian, and who seldom bothered to consult the membership.

The Renovators came to the PCE congress intent upon extending to the internal life of the Party the organization's supposed commitment to pluralist democracy. Specifically, they called for modifying the principles of "democratic centralism" to permit the existence of organized currents of opinion within the Party. But the Renovators' proposal for greater internal democracy was defeated by a large margin. To coat the bitter pill, some of their supporters, though substantially less than the proportional representation they had sought, were named to the Central Committee. But *Carrillo's victory was a pyrrhic one. Though the Party* machine cranked out its usual majority, internal tensions, instead of being defused, were reinforced.

SOON AFTERWARD, the Basque regional committee, composed mostly of pro-Renovators, decided to dissolve the local Party and merge with a left-wing nationalist coalition called Euskadiko Ezquerra (Basque Left) to form an independent regional organization. When Carrillo strongly objected, calling the move a dangerous flouting of Party authority that would leave the PCE practically without an organized presence in the Basque country, he set off a major rebellion in the Party.

The Renovators' public support of the Basque dissidents gave Carrillo a pretext for forceful disciplinary measures. The twelve Renovator members of the Central Committee were ousted. And six of the nine party members serving as Madrid city councillors were told to resign. They refused, and the result was an embar-

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rassingly long and bitter struggle to dislodge them. Meanwhile, rebellion was spreading through much of the Party. Dozens of elected public officials in Madrid province, Valladolid, Salamanca, Málaga, Córdoba, and elsewhere either resigned or openly declared their support for the ousted Renovators. Many of those designated to replace the ousted or resigned officials refused to do so. Virtually the entire editorial staff of the Party's monthly theoretical publication, *Nuestra Bandera* (Our Banner), was purged. Particularly painful for the Carrillistas was that Manuel Azcarate—a longtime Carrillo intimate who was the Party's spokesman on foreign policy and one of the main architects of its Eurocommunist line—joined with the Renovators. He was among those ousted from the Central Committee.

Both sides had entered this battle of wills with limited objectives. Carrillo had wanted to keep the plague of *democratitis* from spreading; the dissidents had wanted to force a reconsideration of internal reforms. Few expected what happened: an outpouring of pent-up bitterness unparalleled in recent Spanish political life. Communist dirty linen had never before received such a public exhibition, and, as a result, uncounted numbers of Party members, many of them among the elite, have quit or been expelled, or have lapsed into inactivity. There is regret on both sides, but neither is willing to give ground.

IN CATALONIA, meanwhile, the uneasy coalition of Leninists and Afghans in the PSUC fell apart when the Afghans, convinced that they would not be able to take over the organization, set out deliberately to provoke a Party split. The Leninists then aligned themselves with the Eurocommunists to oust the Afghans from the leadership. The result is that the Eurocommunists are now back in control of a much smaller PSUC. The pro-Soviets have formed their own rump group, the Catalonian Communist Party, which, for the moment at least, is probably slightly larger than the PSUC. But this latest experiment in far leftism is likely to be a flop. Spain's political terrain is littered with the skeletons of previous attempts to launch successful movements of the extreme left. When Enrique Lister, the unrepentant Stalinist military leader of the civil war, tried some years ago to establish such a party with Russian aid, it never went beyond the stage of a tiny marginal sect. The present effort is confined mostly to Barcelona's industrial belt. In Madrid the effort is headed by a former Jesuit priest and labor leader, Francisco García Salve ("Cura Paco"), a curious messianic figure who was expelled last year from the PCE's Central Committee. Though many labor leaders in the Madrid area share his views, few seem inclined to follow his lead.

For a brief time the Party seemed to be having some success in abating these tensions. But the Andalusian regional elections of May 23 were another disaster for the PCE. Its vote declined by almost half (232,000) in a Socialist landslide. Now the party has been thrown into severe crisis once again, but this time Carrillo's continued control of the organization is being seriously challenged. Blaming him for recent disasters, two of its most distinguished figures, Nicholás Sartorious, deputy secretary general and until recently heir apparent, and Marcelino Camacho, who heads the Workers Commissions, have called upon Carrillo to step down. But the Central Committee, which is heavily dominated by Carrillo loyalists, rejected this demand and reaffirmed its support for him. In reaction, on June 13 Sartorious and Camacho resigned from their Party posts. Whether or not Carrillo ultimately survives this challenge to his leadership, still another bloodletting now appears unavoidable.

WHAT MAKES the PCE's plight so desperate is that despite the obvious failure of its Eurocommunist strategy, the constraints of Spanish politics rule out alternatives that depart from the Party's present moderate course. Nor will the advent of a Socialist-led government which will exclude the PCE provide immediate opportunities for an aggressive oppositional role.

A Socialist victory in the parliamentary elections expected to take place this fall is likely to result in a further sharp decline in the PCE's electoral strength. Many Communist voters will probably shift to the Socialists, if not because of the PCE's troubles, then because for the first time since the 1930s there is a real prospect of a government of the left.

For close to a quarter-century, Santiago Carrillo has reigned as Party general secretary. Both the Party's accomplishments and its present plight are largely his doing. His political skill, ruthlessness, and acuity have turned the PCE into a more or less integrated component of Spain's new democratic system. Under his direction the PCE has been transformed and opened up, probably to a greater extent than any other Communist Party. But it has been a carefully controlled renovation, designed to preserve his firm autocratic control over the organization. This balancing act might have worked had it led to success at the polls. But it hasn't, and the loss in Party strength has been so great that it is questionable whether machine politics and "democratic centralism" will enable Carrillo to survive much longer.

Events and misbegotten policies have placed the PCE in a doctrinal and organizational quagmire, where it is condemned to wrestle with problems for which there are no apparent solutions. The Eurocommunist formula for success has gone awry, but there is no better alternative. Carrillo's high-handedness is infuriating to many, but the PCE has no one else who comes close to matching him in prestige and political cunning, and to replace him would create more problems than it would solve. So while Felipe González's Socialists find themselves within reach of power, Carrillo's Communists are farther from it than ever.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Rough Cut

The death of Rainer Werner Fassbinder on June 10, at the age of 36, was of course shocking; and soon it brought a second shock. The first one doesn't need explaining. (It was heightened by the suggestion of suicide. As I write, the autopsy result isn't known.) The second shock is the realization—really comprehending the fact—that his career is over.

Fabian
(United Artists Classics)

Poltergeist
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Not all of Fassbinder's forty-one feature-length films have been shown here. Approximately thirty have had American release, of which I've seen about half. But a key element in seeing them was that, up to now, each new Fassbinder film was a sort of installment, a message from someone who sent messages continually. No modern director except the Godard of the 1960s has given us an equivalent "diary" feeling; the cascade of Fassbinder films kept us informed of his emotional-political-social-aesthetic whereabouts as he kept moving. The quality of a new Fassbinder film was something like the latest stock-market quotation on his talent, not to be engraved in marble any more than today's Stock Exchange listings, but to be "read" against the last quotation and the future possibilities of the enterprise. Part of the excitement or pleasure or anger or tedium with any of his films was the knowledge that we were already out of date on Fassbinder as we watched it. No new work by a living artist is taken as the last word on him, but with Fassbinder the sense of "To Be Continued" was exceptionally pertinent: what was running through the projector was less a finished work than a strophe of ebulliently unfinished activity.

Now that feeling is gone. An end exists; the career is shaped. Now each Fassbinder film—those we haven't yet seen, those we see again—will lack that extraordinary ingredient. They may seem better or worse or much the same, still it will be something of a shock to see them as works by a dead man.

I offer no obituary accounting of his career. At least one reason to refrain is that several of his most recent films are yet to arrive here, including *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, from the famous Döblin novel, and *Lola*, derived from *The Blue Angel*. (Barbara Sukowa, of *Marianne and Juliane*, is in both.) But it's possible now to see more objectively the Fassbinder aura, the heat rays of an odd, odd-looking, obsessed, variously tormented man, ripping through the theater into film, where he continued to rip. He once denied that sequence, by the way: he said that he had gone from film into the theater, because he had made two short films (in 1965 and 1966) before he joined a theater group. But this is no more relevant, substantively, than the fact that Eisenstein and Welles did some film work early in their theater careers; all three men went through theater into film. In 1967 Fassbinder entered the Action-Theater, performing in a Munich basement, and worked as actor, director, and playwright. (I first saw his name in 1969, when he was twenty-four and was listed by the [London] *Times Literary Supplement* as one of Germany's promising dramatists.) He was rarely interested in anything but attacking the givens of the form in which he worked; his theater group was devoted to "anti-theater." Presumably he moved into film in 1969—though he continued to do some theater work—because he could shape more elements there with more expedient idiosyncrasy.

In a film about filming, *Beware of a Holy Whore* (1970), Fassbinder himself played the production manager of the film-within-the-film, and at one point he said, "The one thing I acknowledge is despair." Later he made a film, out of Nabokov, called *Despair*. Oddly, both those facts flashed into my head while I was reading the sickening news.

The report mentioned that, at the time of death, another director named Wolf Gremm was in Fassbinder's Munich home. By weird coincidence, on the day of the death, before I heard the news, I saw a film of Gremm's. It's called *Fabian*, was made in 1980, and is the first of Gremm's pictures to be shown here although it's the sixth that he's made. (Last year he did one called *Kamikaze* in which Fassbinder appears.)

Fabian comes from a novel of that name (1931) by Erich Kästner, one of the Berlin wits of the Weimar Republic, who died in 1974 and is best-known abroad for his children's book, *Emil and the Detectives*, which has been dramatized and played in several countries and has been filmed twice in Germany. The screenplay of *Fabian*, by Gremm and Hans Borgelt, is metropolitan-picaresque: the adventures of a young man in the teeming Berlin of 1930, an advertising copywriter by trade, an amorist and skeptic by disposition, a modest but proud fellow who disbelieves both in belief and depravity, who gets into and out of a love affair, sees friends through crises, scoffs at the silliness of

FILMS WORTH SEEING

E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial. Steven Spielberg's near-sequel to *Close Encounters*. A stranded, frightened visitor from Out There is befriended by three California children. Tickling and endearing.

La Femme Enfant. Raphaële Billetdoux's first film, full of reticent feeling. Innocent love between a fourteen-year-old girl (Penelope Palmer) and a mute laborer (excellently played by Klaus Kinski).

Gregory's Girl. Scottish high-school romance and tribulations. Maladroitly made but delightfully acted and written.

Marianne and Juliane. A personal-political poem based on a true story of two German sisters in the 1970s. The author-director, Margarethe von Trotta, continues to grow in art.

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the rising Nazi movement, and whose story finishes with a surprise that is credible because of all these things. It's possible to see Fabian as an image of ineffectual Weimar humanism, and the film's conclusion, an impulsively generous act, confirms that image. Also that "accidental" conclusion gives a retroactive design to a script that had seemed to wander.

En route to the conclusion, Fabian has had a lot of bumps. He has lost his job and turned down another because of attendant circumstances. His girl friend, a fellow-boarder in his rooming house, blithely moves in with a film director in order to get a starring role. His best friend, a doctoral student, is capriciously teased by a jealous young teacher, with tragic results. At last driven out of Berlin by events that are like a succession of blows, Fabian returns to his beautiful hometown; there he finds that the supposed difference between city greed and pastoral purity is one more myth. This new Candide discovers that all is not for the best in this most impossible of all possible worlds.

It's the nicely meandering story of a modestly decent man, unselfconscious, wry, reliable. But Gremm has done some strange things with this script. First, the casting. The Fabian is Hans Peter Hallwachs, who is attractive and quite competent, but who seems to be in his mid-forties; one feels that Fabian ought to be in his mid-twenties, old enough to be both somewhat experienced and somewhat inexperienced. Hallwachs looks like Fabian's father. Silvia Janisch, his boardinghouse sweetheart, doesn't conceivably seem to be a conceivable film star, and the fact that she is in *this* film doesn't controvert that impression—it's sheer confirmation. Hermann Lause, as the friend to whom Fabian is devoted, is so unappealing as to be almost unbearable.

If those three roles had been more aptly cast, the film would be immensely improved; but it would still have its visual quality to contend with. The Berlin streets, when they don't look like early Fritz Lang, look like stage settings, with the crowd action choreographed by a nineteenth-century opera director. The lighting is harsh, without being effectively theatrical; Jürgen Wagner's colors make people and objects look like candied fruit. Gremm's direction is adequate but devoid of style or freshness. And if I may sound a quaintly old-fashioned note, Gremm includes some fairly explicit sex that is gratuitous. It's in the film for no other reason than that such scenes are now permitted and the filmmakers dare anyone to object at the risk of sounding prudish. I object because I'm interested in keeping sex sexy, not run-of-the-mill, like title and credits.

Poltergeist is a German word but the name of an American film. Steven Spielberg, of *E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial*, produced, wrote the original story, and collaborated on the script; but he left the direction to the master who did *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. I haven't felt compelled to see *Massacre*, although it's been called a horror classic. If that's only partly true, it's more scary than *Poltergeist*. I must be perverse, I guess: I won't see the chainsaw picture because it sounds disgustingly frightening, and I don't like *Poltergeist* because it promised to scare me and didn't.

The setting is once again a gadget-filled home, as in *E.T.* (but there's a father in this household). Again it's a small child who first apprehends the nonhuman visitors, without fear; but this isn't a picture about visitors from space. It's that dullest of tired subjects—ghosts of the dead, come back to harass the living. The very idea makes me yawn, and the cumbersome mechanics of this film didn't jolt me awake. (At one point a giant papier-mâché monster pops through a door like a refugee from Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade.) The ghosts, it turns out, are the spirits of dead folks who were buried in a cemetery on this California site and were displaced by a greedy developer who bulldozed the coffins in order to build a housing development. (So there's a similarity to the recent *Wolfen*.)

Spielberg is better with the future than with the past.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

The Shape of the New

If anything as amorphous as American drama can be said to have a shape, it is possible to detect a pattern in the new plays of the 1980s; at least, a number of their authors share similar values, characteristics, and backgrounds. In their twenties and thirties, many of them sons and daughters of Harvard and Yale, they have recently settled near such enterprising producing agencies as Playwrights Horizon, the Second Stage, the Manhattan Theater Club, and the Ensemble Theater Company. What unites them is a wry, jaded, urban sensibility, and a fascination with their own college-educated, over-psychoanalyzed, media-saturated generation. The dexterity with which they perform sociological CAT-scans suggests that they are also the children of Jules Feiffer and Garry Trudeau, though they have yet to show the interest of their mentors in moral or political issues.

Geniuses
by Jonathan Reynolds

Edmond
by David Mamet

The school of playwrights I am describing includes, among others, Christopher Durang (*Beyond Therapy*), Wendy Wasserstein (*Uncommon Women and Others*), Ted Talley (*Coming Attractions*), James Lapine (*Table Settings*), and Debbie Eisenberg (*Pastorale*), all of them writing in a cogent, amusing, often acid style. To this list we can now add the name of Jonathan Reynolds, whose new play, *Geniuses*, is on its way to another theater after a successful debut at Playwrights Horizon. Reynolds has based his plot on the circumstances surrounding the making of Francis Ford Coppola's epic near-debacle, *Apocalypse Now*, though the subject of the film has been changed from the Vietnam War to the conflict in Angola. Here called *Parabola of Death* and twenty-eight days behind schedule, the plague-ridden movie is being shot in a small village in the Philippines; when the play begins it is clear why it is so far over budget. The screenwriter is demolishing his typewriter because he can't think up an ending, the art director is

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shooting crippled water buffalo, the Playboy bunny has dysentery, the makeup man is wrestling with the delusion that he is Ernest Hemingway, and the set is being battered by a typhoon.

These are the ingredients of farce, and for the first two acts Reynolds displays the manipulative skills of a literate farceur—Ben Hecht with an honors degree in English. The play seems like a rewrite of *Twentieth Century*, its subject being the capricious rule of imperial "genius" directors—today invested with the means to create their own nations, even their own wars. What this playwright tells us is that the contemporary American film world is significant not as an arm of culture, but rather as an extension of venture capitalism, possibly even an alternative form of government. For Reynolds's bankable prodigy, Milo McGee McGarr, "the deal is the only exciting thing about making a movie—five points, ten cases of Guinness, my own chopper." In short, the prime dividend of films is *making* money—not having it or spending it: "There is nothing as creative or romantic as business in America."

Reynolds regards this with a detached air, alternately awed and amused by the monster he has uncovered. He is equally neutral toward Milo's cowering, typhoon-locked underlings—particularly Jocko, the screenwriter—as they scurry about trying to hold onto their jobs, their Stolichnaya, and the half-exposed buttocks of Skye, the Playboy bunny with whom they share their wicker quarters. Skye's tempting *pulkes* motivate the only action in the play. A quintessential West Coast loony, having gone through EST, actualization, and primal screaming before being converted to "wattage therapy," she has a passion for her place of origin exceeded only by Jocko's contempt for it ("I don't hate L.A. where the smog creeps in on little rat's feet"). Their arguments over the relative merits of the two coasts form the basis for a witty, if somewhat loquacious, sexual debate. But the plot grows darker when Skye is badly beaten by the sadistic art director whose advances she has spurned.

Although Skye's colorfully bruised face is hugely admired by the makeup man (he is always looking for fresh inspiration), it is potentially dangerous to Milo when that worthy finally makes his appearance late in the play. He needs his art director; she wants to imprison him for life. The impasse is broken with a deal. In return for a huge sum of money (tax-free), a part in Milo's next picture, the privilege of pummeling the art director's private parts, and the possibility of becoming the next president of Paramount, she agrees to return to her beloved Pismo Beach—and Jocko, abandoning the picture before he is fired from it, agrees to meet her there for three glorious days of sex and wattage therapy.

With its frenetic pace and rough masculine banter, *Geniuses* never quite decides whether it wants to be social satire or commercial farce, the movie of *M*A*S*H** or its incarnation as a television series. The production, under the well-controlled direction of Gerald Gutierrez, shares some of the same ambivalence, vacillating between hyperactive doorslamming and dark character portraiture. I was impressed by the actors—particularly Joanne Camp as the lubricious bunny, Peter Evans as the mordant Jocko, and Kurt Knudson as a Falstaffian makeup man—and the sound, lights, and special effects are very deftly executed and designed. But the ambiguity of attitude plunges the play into a moral vacuum—an uncertainty of tone so typical of the playwrights of the 1980s, so reflective of their confused, unanchored world.

David Mamet is a playwright of the 1970s, and ever since his brilliant debut with *American Buffalo* and *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* he has been having a little difficulty getting a purchase on the problems of this decade. With his new play, *Edmond*, now being performed in a semiworkshop production at the Goodman Theater in Chicago, he has accomplished something of a breakthrough. As directed by Gregory Mosher, *Edmond* is a remarkably cruel play—ruthless, remorseless, unremittingly ugly. Written in that terse banal naturalism that has become Mamet's staccato trademark, it follows the spiritual journey of a stocky middle-class young man who wakes up one morning to tell his wife that he is deserting her. Leaving the safety of his home, he embarks on a terrifying odyssey through the urban landscape, looking for sexual and other satisfactions but instead finding violence and fraud. Beaten up and robbed, he buys a knife for protection; mugged by a pimp, he turns on his attacker and kills him.

In his developing madness, Edmond becomes one with the hostile world he has invaded until in a particularly brutal scene he stabs to death a waitress who has taken him home. His whole being is now riddled with hatred—of blacks, of women, of humankind itself: "This world is a piece of shit. There is no law. There is no history."

EVENTUALLY, Edmond is apprehended and imprisoned. His cellmate, a gigantic sleepy-eyed black man, listens stoically to Edmond's philosophizing before unzipping himself and forcing Edmond to commit an act of fellatio ("Right now Jim, and you'd best be nice"). When the victim reports it to the authorities, he is told "it happens." In the final scene, Edmond is on the lower bunk talking to his cellmate above about the nature of God and the universe ("Maybe we're here to be punished. . . . Do you think we go somewhere when we die?"). When he is finished with this primitive, oddly affecting metaphysics, he reaches up, in the last gesture of the play, to kiss goodnight the man who sodomized him and hold his hand.

What Mamet has written is a version of *Woyzeck* in the modern city, displaying not only Buechner's hallucinatory power but also the same capacity to show compassion for lowly, inarticulate wretches without mitigating their awful fates. He has pushed our faces into a world which most of us spend our waking hours trying to avoid, finding a kind of redemption in the bleakest, most severe alternatives. I don't think he will be thanked much for this, but I for one want to express gratitude—for the play, even in its current rough state, for the production, even though it lacks a scenic strategy, and for the brave performances of the entire company, particularly Paul Butler as the prisoner and Colin Stinton as Edmond Burke—the namesake of the man who wrote *The Vindication of Natural Society*.

"FOR MOST who call themselves liberals, tolerance is not an end but a means. On their half-hidden agenda, freedom of expression holds something well below the top priority; and when it is claimed by those who are not in tune with the leftward agenda, it becomes dispensable. If there is hypocrisy here, it is not in liberals calling themselves tolerant, but in leftists calling themselves liberals."

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Misled by the 'revolutionary model,' we fought the wrong war.

VIETNAM RECONSIDERED

BY HARRY G. SUMMERS JR.

"THE FIRST, the supreme, the most far-reaching act of judgment that the statesman and commander have to make is to establish . . . the kind of war on which they are embarking; neither mistaking it for, nor trying to turn it into, something that is alien to its nature. This is the first of all strategic questions and the most comprehensive." Although written one-hundred-and-fifty years ago by the classic theorist on the nature and conduct of war, Carl von Clausewitz, that comment serves as a fitting introduction to an examination of former *Detroit News* war correspondent Robert Pisor's *The End of the Line: The Siege of Khe Sanh* (Norton, $14.95), an account of one of the most decisive periods of the Vietnam War—the Tet offensive and the siege of Khe Sanh between January and April 1968.

In a recent article, historian Alan J. Levine observed:

> Whether consciously or not, people seem to think about war in terms which are neither abstract nor specific; they usually think in terms of *paradigms*, or models, often of some particular war, or wars, that have particularly affected the consciousness of our society. . . . Rightly or not, the acceptance of such a paradigm [has] far-reaching consequences, as one tends to expect that future situations will resemble the paradigm.

At the most elementary level, the fundamental failing of the Vietnam War was that both the American public and their leaders selected the wrong paradigm. For the American public, the paradigm of war was (and because of television probably still is) World War II. They had used this model to judge the Korean War, and although the battlefield fit the model, the results did not, and the public perception was that Korea was a "loser." The leaders, on the other hand, misled by the limited-war theorists and deceived both by our own delusions—what Townsend Hoopes called our "political-sociological presumptions of astronomical proportion"—and by the enemies' propaganda apparatus, which portrayed the struggle as a "whole new kind of war," selected the fashionable new model of Communist revolutionary war. Not only did this model fail to fit the realities of the war, it did not fit the perceptions of the American people. To the man in the street, taking and holding terrain was winning; abandoning terrain to the enemy after it had been won at great cost (as at Khe Sanh), was losing. Their intuitive feelings toward war ultimately proved more accurate than the more sophisticated models of their leaders. For North Vietnam's final blitzkrieg in 1975 more closely resembled the fall of France in 1940, with its disintegrating armies unable to regroup or maneuver because of refugee-packed roads, than it did any model of revolutionary war.

TWO MARINES PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM COMMUNIST ARTILLERY FIRE AT KHE SANH (UPI PHOTO BY KENT POTTER/1968)

It was only with the North Vietnamese invasion in the spring of 1975 that we began to realize that we had come up with the wrong answer to Clausewitz's "first . . . and the most comprehensive" strategic question and had completely misread "the kind of war on which [we were] embarking." We had adopted a false model which had distorted not only our strategy but our tactical operations as well. Although we did not see it at the time, this misconception was especially evident at the siege of Khe Sanh, which we erro-

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neously interpreted as a repeat in reverse of Dien Bien Phu, the set-piece battle that decided the First Indochina War. As Clausewitz could have warned us (but who read Clausewitz in the "Age of Aquarius"?), the results of our failure to distinguish between the First Indochina War between France and the Viet Minh (which *was* a revolutionary war) and the Second Indochina War between North Vietnam and South Vietnam (which was not), and our consequent procrustean attempts to turn the latter into "something . . . alien to its nature," were disastrous for the United States and deadly for the people of South Vietnam.

It was deadly for *all* the people of South Vietnam, especially the Viet Cong, who found to their sorrow that they had been cynically used by the North Vietnamese. Undoubtedly, many of the southern guerrillas believed at the time that they were fighting a revolutionary war for a new South Vietnam under southern Communist leadership. As the results of the war demonstrate, however, they were actually being used as a kind of economy-of-force operation to cause the United States to exhaust itself against a secondary enemy while the North Vietnamese regular forces remained relatively protected in their homeland sanctuaries, awaiting the moment when their enemy had been weakened sufficiently for the killing blow. The postwar purge of the South Vietnamese Communists and their total domination by the North Vietnamese has been widely recounted, most recently in a June 10 article in the *New York Times* by Dr. Quong Quynh Hoa, former Health Minister in the Provisional Revolutionary (Viet Cong) government.

PISOR SEES clearly our tactical misconceptions, and his discussion and description of the siege of Khe Sanh—about one-third of the book—clearly demonstrate how we were taken in. Less clear is his analysis of the strategic setting which led to Khe Sanh. Like the military itself, he has all the data but, also like the military, he lacks a framework for analysis. In Pisor's character sketch of General Westmoreland, he notes that Westmoreland

> read Sun Tzu, a seminal thinker in Chinese military philosophy, and he analyzed the French military effort in Indochina. . . . A thumbed copy of Bernard Fall's *Street Without Joy* lay on the General's night-table beside Mao Tse-tung's musings on war and the translations of important articles by Vo Nguyen Giap. . . .

Westmoreland's fixation with the revolutionary war model was mirrored throughout the entire American Army, and with good reason. President Kennedy had fired one Army Chief of Staff—General George H. Decker—for failure to concentrate on revolutionary war and had made it obvious that, as a 1962 *Army* magazine article emphasized, "future promotions of high ranking officers would depend upon their demonstration of experience in the counterguerrilla or sublimited war field." Westmoreland—and the Army—leaned heavily on Britain's counterinsurgency expert, Sir Robert Thompson, who had defined the revolutionary war model in explicit terms. "Revolutionary war," Thompson wrote,

> is most often confused with guerrilla or partisan warfare. Here the main difference is that guerrilla warfare is designed merely to harass and distract the enemy so that their regular forces can reach a decision in conventional battles. . . . Revolutionary war, on the other hand, is designed to reach a decisive result on its own.

But as the final campaign in April 1975 made clear, the decisive result was *not* reached through revolutionary war. Saigon did not fall to a "popular uprising." The Viet Cong (by this time heavily supplemented by North Vietnamese cadres) acted precisely as a partisan force that harassed and distracted the South Vietnamese Army so that the multidivisional regular forces of North Vietnam could reach a decision in conventional battles. As Colonel Stuart Herrington put it in his recent book on counterinsurgency operations (*Silence Was a Weapon: The Vietnam War in the Villages*, Presidio Press),

> Like us, Hanoi had failed to win the 'hearts and minds' of the South Vietnamese peasantry. Unlike us, Hanoi's leaders were able to compensate for this failure by playing their trump card—they overwhelmed South Vietnam with a twenty-two division force that had been built up during the respite provided by the cease-fire.

It was Korea in reverse. The Korean War started with North Korean tanks rumbling through Seoul; the Vietnamese War ended with North Vietnamese tanks rumbling through Saigon.

In retrospect, it is obvious that the proper framework for analysis was not Sun Tzu or Mao Tse-tung or the slogans of "revolutionary war," but instead the tools of conventional analysis—the principles of war forged on the battlefield of World War I and refined in World War II and Korea. These principles—better understood as a series of questions rather than a set of answers—illustrate clearly our strategic as well as our tactical misconceptions. These principles apply across all three levels of war—the strategic, the operational, and the tactical. Strategy has to do with *ends*, the political goal for which the war is being waged. The operational (also called the "grand tactical") and the tactical levels have to do with the *means* to achieve those ends. As Clausewitz said, "The political object is a goal, war is the means of reaching it, and means can never be considered in isolation from their purpose."

THE MAJOR shortcoming of *The End of the Line* is that it violates this Clausewitzian dictum and analyzes the siege of Khe Sanh—the "means"—in isolation from its purpose. What is missing, in other words, is analysis of the first and most important principle of war, the objective. But this is not so much Pisor's failing as it is an indictment of our whole approach to the war, for the Washington policymakers, confused by the new dogma of counterinsurgency and inhibited by a conscious desire not to see Vietnam as a "war," failed to provide the Army in the field with tangible, attainable goals. In his analysis of the Vietnam War (*The War Managers*, University Press of New England), Brigadier General Douglas Kinnard found that "almost seventy percent of the Army generals who managed the war were uncertain of its objectives." This was brought home most convincingly in the Canadian television series, *The Ten Thousand Day War*, when former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford testified that when he took over in 1968, no one could tell him what constituted "victory," no one could tell him our plan to end the war. This was a fatal deficiency, for as Clausewitz had warned,

> No one starts a war—or rather, no one in his senses ought to do so—without first being clear in his mind what he intends to achieve by that war and how he intends to conduct it.

By inference, both Pisor and the TV

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series impute this failure to General Westmoreland, but the responsibility to set national military policy and to determine military strategic goals does not rest with the field Army commander but with the national command authority—the President and his immediate military and civilian national security advisers. (Recall that President Truman relieved General MacArthur in 1951 over this very issue.)

This lack of clear-cut strategic objectives almost guaranteed that operational and tactical objectives would be meaningless. Without consciously setting out to do so, Pisor makes this point clear as he illustrates that the successful defense of Khe Sanh, with all its pain and agony and suffering, was in the end to no avail, since it served no useful operational or strategic purpose. The comparison with North Vietnam is telling. Since 1945 their objective did not change. It was the conquest of Indochina, and their strategies, operations, and tactics remained focused on that goal.

AT THE STRATEGIC level our problems were compounded by the second principle of war, the offensive. This principle has to do with achievement of decisive results and maintenance of freedom of action and initiative on the battlefield. While classically it involved both defensive and offensive operations, the hubris created by our World War II victories caused us to drop the defensive aspect from our doctrine—ironically at the same time that our national policy of containment (rather than rollback or liberation) put us on the worldwide strategic defensive. Although through strategic defensive operations we had won a "victory" in Korea (i.e., the restoration of the status quo ante that has endured for over thirty years), we failed to apply this model to Vietnam.

Because we had rejected the Korean model, the political decision not to invade North Vietnam and destroy their armed forces seemed to paralyze our thinking. In Korea the Chinese Communist forces had been able to move tens of thousands of soldiers from the Manchurian border two hundred miles south and launch a fifty-division attack in the spring of 1951, even though we had total control of the air and had launched a massive campaign to bomb roads, bridges, and communication routes. Because we had not learned from that experience, we attempted to do the same thing in Vietnam and expended millions of tons of bombs in an unsuccessful attempt to block infiltration routes from the air. Our failure should have come as no surprise, but, confusing motion with action, we managed to delude ourselves for many years. (As an infantryman, my favorite Bomb Damage Assessment was "number of foxholes destroyed by bombing." Of course, what they were really doing was creating bigger and better foxholes.)

In retrospect, it is obvious that the strategic defensive—isolating the battlefield by increasing the naval blockade of Cambodia and the South Vietnamese coast and by ground operations along the Demilitarized Zone within South Vietnam and across Laos to the Thai border—was the preferred alternative; such a course would have oriented U.S. forces on the external enemy and provided a shield behind which the South Vietnamese could attempt to reorder their own society. Looking back on it, our attempts to win "the hearts and minds" of the South Vietnamese people through pacification programs were not only ludicrous but self-defeating. It should have been obvious that to the degree we succeeded in winning their allegiance, we further alienated them from their own government, yet our ostensible purpose for being in Vietnam in the first place was to support and reinforce that very government. If it could be done at all, it was a task only the South Vietnamese could accomplish, and the relative stability in the early 1970s indicated that they were probably capable of doing so.

Orienting U.S. forces on the external enemy (North Vietnam) would have had several major advantages. By correctly portraying the U.S. objective as a peacekeeping operation to protect South Vietnam from North Vietnamese aggression it would have provided the American people with an understandable reason for our presence there, a reason that would have fit their perception of what war was all about. With the infiltration cut off, the guerrilla sanctuaries in South Vietnam and Cambodia would have eventually dried up, and we would have avoided the search-and-

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destroy and pacification operations among the South Vietnamese people which were a major cause of U.S. moral repugnance toward the war. Further, it would have taken advantage of what Clausewitz calls the inherent strength of the defense and played to our own strong suit, our technical ability to bring massive firepower to bear on the attacker. Since the North Vietnamese would have had to attack American defensive positions in order to continue their infiltration, the onus for continuing the war would have been clear. Finally, it probably could have been accomplished at far less cost in both lives and material. The main disadvantage, as in Korea, would have been that such a strategy would have entailed a long-term U.S. presence until South Vietnamese forces were capable of guarding their own frontiers.

It is revealing to note that such isolation of the battlefield was proposed as early as 1964 (when it would have been politically and militarily feasible) by the State Department political adviser to the actual strategic commander for Vietnam, the Commander-in-Chief Pacific Command in Honolulu. The plan was rejected because "it would get our forces committed out of synchronization with our contingency plans." General Westmoreland also sensed this requirement, and Pisor details his plans to use Khe Sanh as the launch point to extend the Demilitarized Zone barrier across Laos and physically cut off the infiltration routes. His deputy, General Bruce Palmer Jr., has argued elsewhere that this could have been done with half the forces that were ultimately committed to the war. But this change in strategy came too late, and even if it had not been rejected by President Johnson in January 1968, it was made politically impossible by the Tet offensive.

PLANNING A TRAGEDY

The Americanization of the War in Vietnam

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THIS ABHORRENCE of defensive operations was also reflected at the tactical level, especially by the Marine Corps. Pisor's description of defensive deployments at Khe Sanh is a catalog of horrors. For example, he describes how the initial rocket attack detonated the bulk of the Marines' fifteen hundred tons of stored ammunition and almost destroyed the base in the process. Before the siege even started, they had lost 98 percent of their ammunition; yet it ought to have been obvious that the ammunition dump would be a prime target, and we knew from experience how to store ammunition so as to prevent sympathetic detonation. In a mistake that even medieval commanders would not have made, the base was situated so that the source of its water supply was within enemy lines and only North Vietnamese incompetence or a lucky accident kept it from being cut off.

After the siege began, Pisor describes the Khe Sanh combat base as "a reeking trash heap," where Marines, "dirty and unshaven, lounged in trash filled bunkers and laughed out loud when asked how their officers might react to their slovenliness." In a revealing paragraph, he relates that

> some Marines mocked the Seabees for their prowess underground, calling it candyass. Fighting from holes was somehow sissy—contrary to the aggressive ethic of the U.S. Marine Corps. Digging was demeaning. Even the hospital at the combat base was above ground, with leaning walls of sandbags to provide blast protection.

Such an attitude was costly in Vietnam; it would be fatal on a more modern battlefield.

If we erred in defensive operations, the North Vietnamese were even more negligent in offensive operations. A *Time* correspondent during the Korean War observed that the Chinese expended men the way the Americans expended munitions, and this pattern was carried over into the Vietnam War. As Chalmers Johnson reports (*Autopsy on People's War*, University of California Press), "Vo Nguyen Giap himself has admitted a loss of 600,000 men in fighting between 1965 and 1968." Based on population size, this was roughly the equivalent of six million American casualties. Many of these were the direct result of what Pisor called Giap's "sanguinary tactics." While some (as we shall see) served a strategic end even though they were tactical failures, others served no purpose whatsoever.

For example, Pisor reports on the battle of Prek Klok II in 1967 where the Viet Cong unsuccessfully attacked an American armored cavalry laager and lost almost two hundred soldiers. What Pisor evidently did not know was that just before this battle, we had captured a Viet Cong after-action report in which the local commander had claimed enormous victories in assaults on American fortified positions. (An interesting study would be a comparison between Viet Cong/North Vietnamese and American inflation of "body count." From limited experience, I would bet we would look almost honest by comparison.) But deception, like virtue, reaps its own reward, and his superiors evidently told him that since he was doing so well, he ought to intensify his efforts. Prek Klok was only one of a series of unsuccessful Viet Cong attacks against fortified positions where they suffered enormous casualties to no tactical or strategic gain.

MASS, MANEUVER, and economy of force, the next three principles of war, describe the application of combat power (the combination of physical means and moral strength) against the enemy's center of gravity (the center of his power which, if destroyed, would cause his defeat). Clausewitz describes the various forms this center of gravity can take—the enemy's army, his capital, the army of his protector, the community of interest among alliances, the personalities of the leaders, or public opinion. Because we had adopted a

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revolutionary war model, we identified none of these centers. The North Vietnamese, on the other hand, after their experience with the French, correctly identified the U.S.-Republic of Vietnam alliance and public opinion as the strategic center of gravity, and it is only in this context that the siege of Khe Sanh and the Tet offensive of 1968 can be appreciated. Pisor provides the details—how the 1st Cavalry Division was lured away from Hue, how "while Westmoreland was moving tens of thousands of American soldiers north . . . Giap had been moving tens of thousands of Vietnamese soldiers south." It was to be the Tet uprising, not Khe Sanh, which was to prove to be the strategic equivalent of Dien Bien Phu. The continuing arguments over whether Tet '68 was or was not a tactical battlefield victory for the United States are irrelevant. As the theory of war laid out by Clausewitz makes clear, tactical victories or defeats are not ends in themselves, but only means to a further end. Because our strategic goal had not been fixed, our battlefield victories had no meaning. With their tactical defeats at Khe Sanh and during Tet '68, on the other hand, the North Vietnamese achieved strategic success. As Pisor's book title indicates, these battles were the "end of the line" for American involvement in Vietnam. Unwittingly, we had set ourselves up for this strategic defeat by optimistic claims of "light at the end of the tunnel" and by battlefield tactics which did not fit American public perceptions. The public correctly sensed that not only did we not know where we were going (i.e., we lacked a clear-cut strategic objective), but we also were uncertain of how, if ever, we were going to get there.

CONTRIBUTING TO this public perception was what Pisor describes as Westmoreland's request for an additional 206,000 troops. Leaked almost immediately to the *New York Times*, "the General's request was, quite literally, the final straw." But Westmoreland was not so much the villain as the goat. In his landmark work on Washington's post-Tet decisionmaking (*The Unmaking of a President*, Princeton University Press), Herbert Y. Schandler details how this troop request was the brainchild not of Westmoreland but of the then-Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle G. Wheeler, who saw the Tet offensive as,

> perhaps the last opportunity to convince the administration to call up the reserve forces and to reconstitute a military capability within the United States that would allow some military flexibility to meet other contingencies. Vietnam was the excuse. . . .

The leak of the troop request to the *New York Times* leads us into the next two principles of war, the reciprocal principles of security and surprise. North Vietnamese strategic security was so pervasive that it was not until 1975, when North Vietnamese Army Senior General Dung Van Tien published his *Great Spring Victory* (which dismissed the guerrilla forces with an aside while describing his own conventional military victory), that we could finally see the true nature of the war. American strategic security by contrast was almost nonexistent, since details of our strategic plans appeared daily in the American press. At the operational level, on the other hand, American security was at least adequate, while North Vietnamese security had gaping holes, not the least of which, as Pisor records, were deserters such as First Lieutenant La Than Tonc, commander of North Vietnam's 14th Anti-Aircraft Company, who defected on the eve of Khe Sanh and provided the entire enemy plan of attack (which was promptly leaked to the *Washington Star* as soon as it reached Washington).

At the strategic level, surprise was a standoff. Pisor quotes Giap as saying, "Surprise is very important. . . . [W]e must use skillful stratagems to deceive the enemy, and cause him to make a wrongful assessment of our intentions." Ironically, President Johnson's statements in 1964 that he had no intention of sending American troops to Vietnam had just such an effect on Hanoi and they were caught flat-footed when U.S. troops streamed ashore in 1965. But with the Tet offensive the North Vietnamese got even. "The Americans had captured the order for the General Offensive in early January. . . ," reports Pisor, "they just didn't believe it was true." Giap had been successful in deceiving the Americans that the main attack was to come at Khe Sanh. And while the attack on the cities was not totally unexpected, its size, ferocity, and duration were more than we had bargained for. The American intervention

David Harris recaptures the idealism of the 60's. Right up to the moment it was murdered on March 14, 1980.

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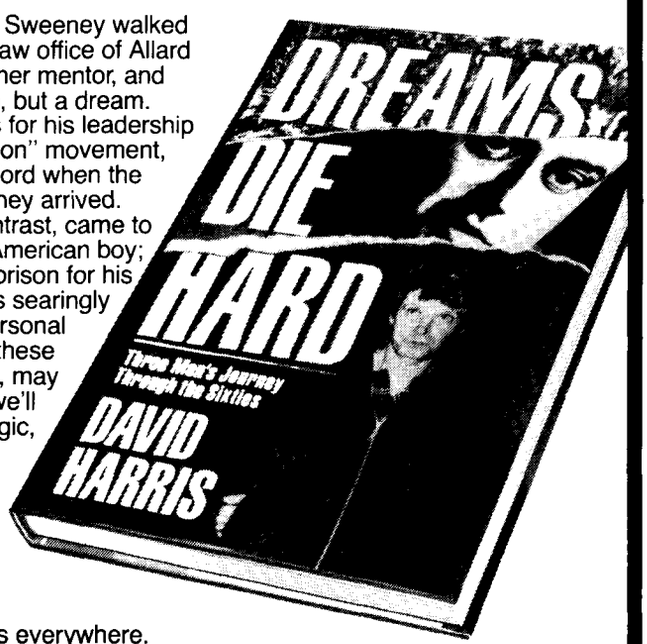

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in 1965 was damaging to North Vietnamese strategy, but the Tet offensive, as Pisor makes clear, struck a decisive blow at our center of gravity.

THE TWO CHAPTERS of Pisor's book devoted to character sketches of General Westmoreland and General Giap lead us into our next principle of war, unity of command. The chapter on General Giap could have been written by Parson Weems, and I half-expected a cautionary tale of how young Giap took his machete and chopped down the bamboo tree. But this is not entirely Pisor's fault. Unlike his section on Westmoreland, which draws from a variety of sources, not all of whom are favorable, the only sources on Giap are derived from North Vietnamese propaganda hagiographies. This contrast illuminates an important point. The recent *Ten Thousand Day War* documentary consisted of straightforward American television film footage on the one hand and North Vietnamese propaganda films on the other. There were no pictures of North Vietnamese atrocities (even when they were available from American sources, as in the case at Hue where, as Pisor reports, "Viet Cong political officers . . . arrest[ed] teachers, clerks, government officials, students, American and German civilians, religious leaders, doctors, politicians, and shopkeepers. More than 2,800 were bound and marched away to be executed or buried alive"). The imbalance almost inevitably created a distorted picture. If we are to maintain the public support of our military which makes freedom of the press possible in this increasingly oppressive world, this imbalance needs to be addressed. There are those who would do so by censoring the American media as totalitarian media is controlled (and note the trend in this direction by the British in the Falklands and the Israelis in Lebanon), but surely there is a better way.

Pisor at one point refers to General Westmoreland as "an American vice regent in Asia" and in addition generally supports the popular notion that Westmoreland was General Giap's American counterpart. But the fact is that Westmoreland was neither. General Giap was a Deputy Premier in the North Vietnamese government, a member of the Politburo, the Minister of Defense, and the Commander-in-Chief of the "People's Army of Vietnam." On the American side such roles and responsibilities were divided among National Security Adviser Walt Rostow; the President's personal military adviser, retired General Maxwell Taylor; Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara (and later Clark Clifford); Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle Wheeler; and the strategic commander for the Vietnam War, Admiral U.S. Grant Sharpe, the Commander-in-Chief Pacific Command in Honolulu. Westmoreland was only the field Army commander (roughly equivalent to General Walton Walker during the early days of the Korean War) and even within Vietnam his authority was restricted. Pisor recounts Westmoreland's squabbles with the Marines, but his control of air and naval assets was also limited, and, by his own choosing, he exercised no command over the Republic of Vietnam Armed Forces. With Giap on one side and Rostow-Taylor-McNamara/Clifford-Wheeler-Sharpe (none closer than five thousand miles to the war) on the other, there was no contest on unity of command.

AMERICA'S military command structure had been reshaped after World War II and a civilian Secretary of Defense made principal assistant to the President on military matters. In the Korean War this concept was not tested, since the Secretary of Defense, George C. Marshall, was also a former five-star general who, as Army Chief of Staff, orchestrated America's victories in World War II. (And note that in Vietnam the Army Chief of Staff, General Harold K. Johnson, was not even in the chain of command.) In Vietnam this structure failed completely, primarily because it was not designed to accommodate what Clausewitz described as the complementary opposites that together make up the art of war—preparation for war (budgeting, procurement, management, and logistics) and conduct of war proper (military operations in the field). The Vietnam-era defense bureaucracy excelled in the former but was neither organized for nor capable of coping with the latter. This problem has not improved with time, and the retiring chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Air Force General David Jones, recently warned publicly of the continuing deficiencies in our national command structure for the conduct of war.

The value of the final principle, simplicity, is as a criterion. With this test alone, the outcome of the Vietnam War becomes obvious. The continuing contentious debates a decade after the withdrawal of American troops over what we were trying to do, how we were going to do it, and who was going to command and control it (the basic questions raised by the principles of war) reveal that at the strategic level we were undone, not by wily and inscrutable Oriental stratagems, but by failure to heed and apply the basic fundamentals of war.

We also had gotten away from simplicity at the operational and tactical level (defined best by Clausewitz's dictum that "the end for which a soldier is recruited, clothed, armed, and trained . . . the whole object of his sleeping, eating, drinking, and marching is *simply that he should fight at the right place and the right time*"). Pisor quotes a lieutenant colonel from the 173rd Airborne Brigade:

> By the time you subtracted support roles, pizza huts, clubs, headquarters, mess, artillery, and engineers, the 10,000-man force was down to 3,000. Applying the 'ass in the grass' test—by counting paratroopers actually on combat patrol—the colonel determined his brigade had fewer than 800 men in the field at any one time.

The enemy commander was not unaware of this failing. Pisor quotes Giap as saying, "If we consider the infantry—the principle force determining victory or defeat on the battlefield—U.S. forces are not superior to ours."

ONE MINOR irritant in this otherwise excellent book is Pisor's tin ear for dialogue. No matter—read Michael Herr's *Dispatches* (Knopf) for the voices of Khe Sanh, read Pisor's *The End of the Line* for the details. They accumulate to provide a convincing explanation of why the siege of Khe Sanh and the Tet offensive marked America's strategic defeat in Vietnam. It would be five years until America finally withdrew and over seven years until the Republic of Vietnam finally succumbed to a North Vietnamese invasion, but after our "success" at Khe Sanh, the war was unwinnable for the United States. We had lost the one absolute requirement for victory—the support of the American people.

On a concluding note, to address the concerns raised by Theodore Draper in his recent review of Norman Podhoretz's *Why We Were in Vietnam* (TNR, March 10), the mood among serving

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Army officers who fought in Vietnam is not a German-style stab-in-the-back syndrome but rather the attitude of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell when he walked out of Burma in 1942. "I claim we got a hell of a beating," he said. "We got run out of Burma and it is humiliating as hell. I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back and retake it." The mood is not to go back and take Vietnam, I hasten to add, but to find out what caused our failures there so that we will be able to fight and win the next time the American people commit us to a contest of arms. For those who have not yet begun such a reexamination, Robert Pisor's *The End of the Line* is a good place to start.

RADIO RADICALS

Voices of Protest: Huey Long, Father Coughlin, and the Great Depression
by Alan Brinkley

(Knopf, 348 pp., $18.50)

Huey Long arrived months late to take up his seat in the United States Senate in 1932. Calling on Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House in 1933, Long cheekily neglected to doff his straw hat, removing it only for an occasional emphatic tap on the President's knee. Long clearly had small reverence for the national political establishment. "All I care," he said, "is what the boys at the forks of the creek think of me." They apparently loved him. Rural Louisianians allowed him and his minions to seize enormous, almost dictatorial, powers in their state in the late 1920s and early 1930s. At the height of his influence in 1935 he commanded a nationwide radio audience of millions, and employed a staff of sixty stenographers to handle the mountains of mail his broadcasts evoked. He was, said the *New York Times*, "a man with a front of brass and lungs of leather." His friends called him "Kingfish." Franklin Roosevelt called him "one of the two most dangerous men in the country." (Roosevelt thought the other was Douglas MacArthur.)

Charles Coughlin was an obscure pastor of a Roman Catholic parish in a Detroit suburb until 1926, when he discovered his gift for preaching on the new medium of radio. By the time the Great Depression had engulfed the country four years later, some forty million Americans regularly gathered around their radio receivers on Sunday afternoon to listen to Father Coughlin's sermons. Increasingly, they heard about politics as well as religion. They heard a voice, observed Wallace Stegner,

> of such mellow richness, such manly, heart-warming, confidential intimacy, such emotional and ingratiating charm, that anyone tuning past it on the radio dial almost automatically returned to hear it again.

It was "without doubt one of the great speaking voices of the twentieth century. . . . It was a voice made for promises." It was also a voice, at first, that sang the praises of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. "The New Deal is Christ's Deal!" Coughlin intoned, and he declared that the country faced the choice of "Roosevelt or Ruin." But a few years later, a bitterly disaffected Coughlin was branding Roosevelt a "betrayer," a "liar," and a "double-crosser," and his broadcasts had degenerated into cranky conservative harangues against "internationalism," laced with nasty anti-Semitic innuendoes.

From these apparently cracked political pots it seemed that a vessel might be pieced together in 1935 to hold all the boiling discontents of a people deeply afflicted by the Depression. Nearly one worker in five remained unemployed. Farmers had lost almost a third of their income, and many were losing their farms. The tonic effect of Roosevelt's inaugural declaration that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself" had long since worn off. The legislative energy of the Hundred Days appeared to be a spent force. The National Recovery Administration, the centerpiece of the New Deal's economic recovery program, was extinguished by the Supreme Court in May, and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration fell beneath a similar judicial death sentence a few months later. Here, perhaps, was one of those rare moments in American history when a mass movement might wrest the initiative from the established parties and impose its own political agenda on the nation.

The Long and Coughlin movements between them had an impressive agenda, and it appeared they might have the requisite size and organizational strength to turn their desires into some kind of reality. The Kingfish's program had a fetching simplicity: he would make "every man a king" by confiscating all fortunes greater than one million dollars and redistributing the wealth to provide every family with a "household estate" of a home, an automobile, and (significantly) a radio, as well as a guaranteed minimum income of $2,000 per year. In 1934 Long launched the Share Our Wealth Society to agitate for those goals, and a year later he claimed to have five million members. Coughlin's program was more diffuse, but it centered on monetary and banking reform, calling especially for nationalization of the banks. Father Coughlin organized the National Union for Social Justice to support his aims, and estimated its membership at over eight million in early 1935. In its first political test, the National Union succeeded in producing some 200,000 telegrams opposing a treaty that provided for American membership in the World Court, but the mea-

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sure lost decisively in the Senate.

It is among the several virtues of this well-researched, graceful, and perceptive book that Alan Brinkley insists on taking these two men seriously. Some historians have scoffed at them as chuckleheaded demagogues who merchandised the pipe dream of a hillbilly heaven where nobody worked and everybody waxed fat. While Brinkley assuredly recognizes the daffy impracticality of Long's and Coughlin's particular remedies, he emphasizes the "important economic truth" of the problems they addressed: the concentration of wealth in American society in the 1930s, and the obscene spectacle of wretched poverty in the midst of opulent plenty. He shuns the customary condemnation of Long and Coughlin as dark forces that menaced the orderly transacting of political business. They did not, he emphasizes, "focus resentment on irrelevant scapegoats or phony villains." They confined themselves largely to economic issues, and the movements they led were fueled by specific, genuine grievances.

FATHER COUGHLIN IN 1941 (CULVER PICTURES)

This sympathetic attitude toward Long and Coughlin recollects the arguments of those revisionist historians who have criticized the New Deal for being too timid, and have seen in movements like the Share Our Wealth Society and the National Union for Social Justice the inchoate makings of a radical alternative to the allegedly conservative programs of Franklin Roosevelt. Debate on this issue has always been necessarily speculative: Had the Kingfish not fallen to an assassin's bullet in September 1935, would his arrogant prediction that "Huey Long will be your next President" have come true in 1936? Could Long and Coughlin have translated their manifestly enormous personal popularity into hard political strength? Could they have joined hands with one another and with the several lesser movements that stirred to the left of the New Deal (such as the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota and the Progressive Party in Wisconsin) to effect a truly radical coalition?

Voices of Protest cogently probes these questions, with interesting results. Brinkley demonstrates that the popular appeal of Long and Coughlin depended heavily on their identification with Roosevelt, not their opposition to him. When they criticized New Deal programs, their own admirers complained. When they openly opposed Roosevelt, they often lost, as Long did in the New Orleans mayoral election of 1934. Their halting efforts at cooperation and at alliance with other "dissident" groups almost uniformly failed. When Coughlin's Union Party did mount a Presidential campaign in 1936, with the unknown North Dakota Congressman William Lemke at the head of the ticket, the results were pathetic. Lemke failed even to get on the ballot in fourteen states, and polled an underwhelming 892,000 votes nationwide, less than 2 percent of the total. "The grip of Roosevelt on the American electorate was a powerful one," Brinkley concludes, "and neither Long nor Coughlin had found a way to break it."

The New Deal evidently encompassed all the "radicalism" that American political culture allowed in the 1930s; if Long and Coughlin really did envision a dramatically different political program, they could not lead their listeners toward it. What, then, did they envision? In what did their undeniable popularity consist? Who made up their audience? These questions lie at the heart of Brinkley's book. He depicts the men and women attracted to Long and Coughlin not as the desperately poor, but those with

> more to protect: a hard-won status as part of the working-class elite, a vaguely middle-class life-style, often a modest investment in a home. . . . What they shared was an imperiled membership in a world of modest middle-class accomplishment.

They were small shopkeepers and local merchants, skilled craftsmen and one-suspender farmers. They were, in short, from the petite bourgeoisie. Alexis de Tocqueville long ago suggested that these "eager and apprehensive men of small property" constituted the characteristic class shaped by the conditions of American society. "They love change," Tocqueville observed, "but they dread revolutions. . . . They continually and in a thousand ways feel that they might lose by one." They have never been the stuff from which genuinely radical challenges to American capitalism might be forged.

Problems of evidence cloud parts of this discussion, as Brinkley's portrait of the typical Long or Coughlin follower draws on impressions from rather limited data. Yet his analysis of the "ideologies" the two men represented is remarkably deft, and leads to conclusions

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of notable subtlety and power. He argues that Long and Coughlin evoked such a strong response because their rhetoric throbbed with "some of the oldest and deepest impulses in American political life." In their various ways, they projected an image of the autonomous local community besieged by menacing outside forces. They conjured an immensely appealing vision of human-scale neighborhoods and towns where those local shopkeepers and merchants and craftsmen and farmers all knew one another's names and collaborated familiarly to shape their individual and collective lives. That vision had always been largely mythical, and whatever reality it may once have possessed had by the 1930s been substantially stripped away by the ineluctably integrating forces of modern technology and industrialism. Brinkley is especially sensitive to the irony that Long and Coughlin notoriously owed their own influence to the radio, an electronic floodgate through which the tide of mass culture flowed to swamp the values and manners of once-isolated localities.

BUT DESPITE the obsolescence of that vision as a description of reality, its capacity for exciting American political passions remained great. In particular, it nurtured what Brinkley accurately labels "the core of American social and political protest" throughout our history: "opposition to centralized authority and demands for the wide dispersion of power." It matters not whether that centralized authority has been possessed by private corporations or by government; its mere remoteness and influence are what have mattered. Americans have thus oscillated between statist and antistatist political cycles in ways bewildering to observers from cultures less obsessed by the fear of central power.

Brinkley runs this thread of analysis backward to connect the Long and Coughlin movements with the Populist protest of the late nineteenth century. He persuasively suggests that it could also be run forward to the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980. His shrewd identification of the anticentralist ideology that animated Long's and Coughlin's followers allows him, among other things, to lay to rest the charge of "fascism" that has haunted them for half a century. Fascism stood above all for large-scale, national integration under tight central control. Such a concept was anathema to Long's and Coughlin's admirers. Brinkley's approach also allows him to place Long and Coughlin in a long-flowing and characteristically American stream of political life, and to carry his discussion of their movements well beyond the confining and somewhat trivial question of their role in inclining Roosevelt to embrace a "second," more liberal, New Deal in 1935. This uncommonly good book thus helps to mark the maturation of twentieth-century American historiography, which shows promising signs of moving beyond an exclusive focus on personalities and events toward an effort to identify those deeply enduring structures that are the most worthy objects of our historical attention.

DAVID M. KENNEDY

David M. Kennedy is professor of history and associate dean of the School of Humanities and Sciences at Stanford University. He is currently engaged in research for a book on the history of the United States from 1932 to 1945.

A SKEPTICAL ANALYSIS

The Japanese Economy by G. C. Allen

(St. Martin's Press, 206 pp., $11.95)

Few countries have so intrigued and infuriated Americans recently as Japan. After the United States, it is now the world's second largest economy and, although its per capita income is below levels in much of Western Europe, the differences have shrunk substantially from a decade ago. More to the point, Japan is now the world's most successful exporter. Its total exports are exceeded only by those of the United States and West Germany, and its trade surplus is the biggest of any major industrial country.

The very rapidity of Japan's economic growth accounts in part for the increasing tensions between it and the West. Westerners have been stunned by Japan's quick emergence as an economic superpower. Only a few years ago—no more than a decade—there was an inclination to regard Japan as little more than a wealthy developing country. Its products seemed to pose scant competitive threat. In 1954 two-fifths of Japan's exports consisted of textiles and clothing, and even in 1960 the proportion was 30 percent. By 1979 those exports dwindled to 5.1 percent, while machinery and transportation equipment had risen to 61 percent from 12 percent in 1954.

The stark question posed by Japan's success is whether its economic system —whatever it is—is better than ours and, if so, what to do about it. A lot of people answer yes to the first question, then disagree on the correct response. Business groups in the United States and Europe argue that close cooperation between business and government has given Japanese firms unfair advantages, while many liberals attribute Japan's superior performance to close guidance of business by government.

These appraisals are remarkably similar, and the proposed remedies differ in only one critical respect: who gets to run the show? Business groups suggest that they deserve more trade protection and government help to offset allegedly "unfair" Japanese advantages. Admirers of Japanese government economic guidance argue that government in this country must take a more active role in steering business toward areas of greatest national interest.

Anyone interested in these issues will not find a better introduction than *The Japanese Economy*. G. C. Allen, a British economist who has spent his life studying Japan, has produced a volume that is notable for the amount of information and insight packed into a relatively small number of pages. Indeed, this book could well serve as a writing model for American economists. Neither a polemic nor a primer, it confronts

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the countless ambiguities of its subject without submerging them in misleading simplicities. And it is written in a graceful prose style rare among economists.

But Allen's analysis will disappoint advocates both of more assistance for business and of greater government economic management. Those who view Japan favorably as an example of government controlling business will be unhappy to learn that, if anything, the real story is just the opposite. Business ideas and ideals dominate government, which means the ruling Liberal Democratic Party. "No one with any insight into the Japanese way of conducting affairs could imagine that the government or the bureaucracy dictates policy to private industry," Allen writes. "It may be that government's most important role in the economy has been to assist private firms to develop on the lines that they have persuaded officials to approve. . . ."

DESPITE THAT, Allen does not believe that Japan's economic success stems fundamentally from preferences granted business by government. Rather, he identifies the basic sources of strength as the quality of the labor force, Japanese adaptiveness to new technologies, and the aggressiveness of Japanese management. He repeatedly emphasizes the significance of Japan's strong educational system. This, he thinks, eased the social strains of rapid migration from countryside to city after the war (in 1950, nearly half the population was engaged in farming). He thinks it now underpins the ability of Japanese management to assimilate new technology. About a third of college graduates in Japan take engineering and science degrees; in the United States, the proportion is roughly one-fifth.

To be sure, there are substantial differences between the Japanese and American economies, and some clearly account for Japan's economic growth. Though now fading in importance, one of the most critical contrasts is the role played by commercial banks. For much of the postwar period, the commercial banks served as the chief source of private credit in financing the expansion of Japanese companies. In turn, the banks were backed by lines of credit at the Bank of Japan. The government's assurance of sustained credit flows allowed Japanese companies to take on far more debt than their American counterparts. Equally important, the availability of this capital may have made it easier for Japanese firms to take a long-term outlook. By contrast, critics of American business increasingly complain that U.S. executives are too preoccupied with short-term profits because they have to please the stock market.

It is also true that Japan has systematically embraced mercantilist policies; that is, it has attempted to coordinate the various strands of government policy—trade, tax, and finance—to strengthen key international industries. The legacy of this clearly hurts some American competitors. For years, Japan restricted both imports of U.S. electronic "chips" and investment in Japan by foreign firms. The object was not to provide permanent insulation from competition for Japanese firms but to assure that export industries could operate from a secure domestic base. Only after firms had achieved global competitiveness were restrictions relaxed, but by then foreign companies found it especially difficult to penetrate the Japanese market. Small wonder, then, that American "chip" manufacturers—now suffering from Japanese imports—are complaining loudly.

What is less clear is whether or not the Japanese government succeeded in actively invigorating key industries. The evidence is mixed, but, on balance, seems to support Allen's skepticism. There is, of course, the simple question of whether government controls were either as widespread or as effective as believed in the West. A number of well-known lapses raise doubts. The powerful Ministry of International Trade and Investment unsuccessfully attempted to structure the auto industry into a few large firms. Likewise, Sony's initial effort to import transistor technology was delayed by bureaucrats, who doubted that the small, unknown company could use it.

AGAINST THESE failures are some notable successes. In semiconductor "chips," the government sponsored a joint research program among the major firms that, according to a recent report done for the Joint Economic Committee, accounts for some of Japan's advances. But the same report also concluded that a similar effort for computers failed, in part because the government backed the wrong approach. What needs to be remembered is that American chip firms also had large government assistance, mostly through defense and space contracts.

The obsession of American analysts with differences in institutional arrangements between the U.S. and Japanese economies may do more harm than good. Clearly, we need to understand more about how Japan works. The level of ignorance remains high. Eleanor Hadley, a lifelong specialist on Japan, recently noted this paradox:

> Go to any bookstore which carries books on foreign countries and what do you find on the shelves marked 'Asia'? You will find volume after volume on China, a handful on Japan, even though trade with Japan is of far greater significance than with China.

BUT A LITTLE knowledge can be a dangerous thing, and the common fallacy is to attribute Japan's success to institutional differences, when they are not the major causes. Giving government assistance (or protection) to business won't help if businesses don't know how to use the assistance. In semiconductor chips—the area of latest trade anxiety—there is no good reason why European firms shouldn't be as advanced as the Japanese. They received the technology as early, had a larger domestic electronics industry, and, even now, enjoy more trade protection. Various European governments have also directly tried to promote chip and computer technology. But the Europeans still lag. Why?

The fallacy surfaces repeatedly in Western analyses of Japanese economic practices. Consider "lifetime employment." Western commentators tend to argue that the guarantee of lifetime jobs explains the loyalty of workers to firms and the tranquillity of labor-management relations. There is some truth to this, but less than the conventional wisdom assumes. For starters, lifetime employment covers only a minority of the labor force—only those working for large firms. More important, there are parallel institutions in the West. Many large companies expect workers to spend their careers with them and have corporate welfare systems (pensions, health insurance, and generous fringes) to reinforce that expectation.

This was surely the case in the auto industry, where supplementary unemployment benefits were intended to provide income during periods of temporary layoffs. After four or five years,

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"Democratic countries should begin to prepare contingency plans for continuing important humanitarian work outside the formal structure of the United Nations."
—Alan M. Dershowitz (January 1976)

"The fact of intermarriage does not necessarily lead to a decline in the Jewish population . . . Long-term, it is even conceivable that the fact of intermarriage might lead to some Jewish population growth."
—Fred Massarik (June 1978)

"I remember in my first year in the service I was—on and off again—'half-Jewish,' out of a great sense of insecurity. But I remember coming through that and I never again made this half-assed suggestion that I was half-Jewish."
—Norman Lear (March 1981)

"I gazed out at the vast desert and the sea in the distance and the sunlight struggling through the clouds—and there was Yamit, a compact green and beige oasis a little more than a square mile in size, about the same size as the Old City of Jerusalem: an urban Isaac soon to be sacrificed on the altar of peace."
—Chaim Potok (March 1982)

"In the Camp David accords, the West Bank and Gaza are defined as territories of 'indeterminate status,' a status to be determined not unilaterally by Israel, but by a quartet consisting of Jordan, Egypt, Israel, and the Palestinians. That's not a quartet that's likely to play Hatikvah."
—Abba Eban (December 1981)

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"To the degree that there's a sort of crazy Right, it has no prestige in this country and it will never get anywhere in this country as long as liberals are not confused and not conflicted in their attachment to Israel."
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most workers could reasonably expect to finish their working lives at the same company. Yet that security hardly promoted harmony and reasonableness in labor-management relations. The fact that it didn't—excessive wages being one result—in part caused the current auto depression that has destroyed the informal guarantee of lifetime employment. It is doubtful whether, subjected to a similar economic jolt, the formal system in Japan would survive intact.

What all this suggests is that the real sources of Japan's vitality lie elsewhere, and economic institutions and practices reflect—and reinforce—these strengths. This is Allen's basic thesis. He argues that national psychology makes many peculiarly Japanese institutions work. He doubts that "cozy" labor-management relations could survive without a consensus by

> those employed by an enterprise . . . to regard themselves as a member of a group or family. They differ from one another in rank and order, on which great store is set in Japan, but they are associates in a joint venture and serve a common purpose.

Management draws much of its vitality from the same source. Japanese executives, he notes, are

> emotionally involved in the fortunes of their firm to an extent seldom met in the West. They are, indeed, often so completely devoted to the business they serve as to leave little scope for private social activities. . . .

To Allen, there is one other essential element to success: entrepreneurial drive. He thinks the Japanese have it, and that it's reflected in the growth of small, unknown companies (like Sony, Honda, and Matsushita) into giants, and the sustained prosperity of more established firms (like Mitsubishi Heavy Industries). In general, Allen thinks that the Japanese economy is highly competitive, especially in advanced export-oriented industries. Americans can take some credit for this by dissolving the powerful *zaibatsu* (these were large family-run conglomerates whose activities ranged from banking to shipbuilding) during the post-World War II occupation. The breakups and purges of senior executives also freed "many enterprises from the grip of bureaucratic inertia [and] left a body of eager young men, well equipped by training and experience, to lead Japan on her new course."

DEAR SEYMOUR PENN

For thirty years my wife and I have read
your books and wondered what you're like. Before
she married me, during the war, she loved
a man who has your name. He disappeared,
and all these years I've thought that you might be
the man she knew. Her photograph of him
looks like your last book-jacket pose, but he
was so much younger then, I can't be sure.
The picture is enclosed; you'll be amused,
for there he is—laughing, leaning against
a red wood gate beside a lemon grove,
his feathered hat in hand, and gesturing
for everybody to come in—as if
to smell the ocean in the lemon trees.
My wife has been too shy to write herself,
and anyhow you know how women like
to fantasize; that's why I've always let
the matter pass. But when, in your last book,
I read a passage where a man like me—
unknown, mindful of others, getting old—
exactly in this circumstance, decides
to write and ask an author he admires:
"And have you ever loved my wife?" I felt
finally it was time to contact you.
I hope to learn if you're the man who knew
my wife, but since the author in your book
chooses not to reply—although it's clear
he has the aching need for reaching out—
I have no clues. So I've composed a scene
in which the author, fascinated by
the picture sent him by a man like me,
writes back to say: "Astonishing though it
may seem, the orchard keeper by the gate
could be my brother, lost at sea after
he bought a lemon grove; he planned to bring
his would-be wife out to the coast so they
could settle there." A sign above the gate
reads: SOUR IS SWEET, I guess, because the first
two words are cropped. The picture makes him wish
he'd lived the life his brother might have lived—
each pungent day among the lemon trees,
and he decides he wants to write a book
about a couple married thirty years.
A bachelor, he makes a strange request;
he asks if he can visit us to learn.
"You'll hardly know I'm there," he promises,
but I can sense he sees my wife through his
lost brother's eyes; already he is half
in love with her, staring at the pulse-beat
that startles like a sparrow in her neck.
And that's the story's gist so far. But if
you want to know what happens next, then I
can send you more; even you, a master
plot maker, will find yourself surprised.
I trust this bond of ours because I feel
us touching as I write—as palpably
as sunlight shimmering the lemon trees.
Beneath the blandness of most people's lives,
incredible things occur—like now, like this.
Those thirty years—they are all frozen there
across a wall and through a red wood gate.
In my own life, I've waited for your book
to tell me what to do. And now you have.
You knew the author in your book could not
explain himself, that I would have to write
his history. When I knew what you knew,
I smelled the ocean in the lemon trees
so powerfully, the salt stung on my lips.
My wife sends her regards, and wonders if
you would believe her lover is my own
invention, that the picture here is me.

ROBERT PACK

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There are weaknesses in Allen's analysis. He does not dwell on the social and psychological costs of Japan's rapid growth. Nor does he provide much speculation about Japan's future. The outlook is not uniformly bright. Already, its economic growth rate has slipped considerably; last year, the economy grew 2.9 percent, compared with rates of nearly 10 percent in the early 1970s. Moreover, a number of other problems loom: the exhaustion of foreign technology that gives a quick boost in efficiency; the prospective aging of Japanese society which—as a result of a seniority-based pay system—will raise costs; growing protectionism in the United States and Europe, which would deprive Japan of export markets; and a shift in generations, with younger, more affluent workers possibly being less diligent than their predecessors.

ALLEN HIMSELF seems optimistic about Japan's prospects. He does not accept the common Western notion that the Japanese are good at copying technology, but not much else. Japan has now moved, he argues, from the "status of an assimilator of foreign technology to that of an innovator. Her share of foreign patenting in the United States exceeds that of any other country." Moreover, he is impressed by history; he agrees that growth will slow (which he does not think such a bad thing) but argues that in the past Japan has successfully surmounted more formidable obstacles to rising prosperity.

However the drama turns out, the more important lesson involves how we see ourselves in a world where our massive technological and economic superiority has eroded. Our inclination has been to attribute loss of leadership to the peculiarities of other countries' political and economic institutions. That helps to rationalize our slippage. It implies that other countries have "unfair" advantages or that a few shrewd changes in government policy or business practices can change matters. The example of Japan suggests that the sources of change are far more basic. If so, believing otherwise is dangerous self-deception.

ROBERT J. SAMUELSON

Robert J. Samuelson writes on economic subjects for *National Journal*.

HOW GOOD MUST WE BE?

The Limits of Obligation
by James S. Fishkin

(Yale University Press, 176 pp., $18.50)

Are there limits to our moral obligations? I am a middle-class American who earns a respectable middle-class income while in the third world women and men starve to death. At a marginal cost of, say, $5 a head, I could save life after life after life. Am I then obligated to turn over one five-dollar bill after another until I myself am as hungry as the world's hungriest beggar?

It is around this problem, and the class of moral dilemmas it poses, that James Fishkin has written his concise, thoughtful, and thorough little book, *The Limits of Obligation*. The book is a perfect example of how the modern analytic theorist can deploy careful definition and rigorous argument to reformulate and clarify pressing practical issues in morals and politics. In this case, Fishkin quickly demonstrates that my moral dilemma reflects a fundamental paradox of moral theory. In conventional terms, he suggests, our moral behavior occupies a space defined by two parameters—"minimal altruism," which obligates us to help others when we can do so without great cost to ourselves, and "the cutoff for heroism," which relieves us from obligation when the costs of helping become excessive or "heroic." Beyond the parameter of "minimal altruism" is a "zone of moral indifference" where we can act freely, as we choose, and beyond the parameter of the "cutoff for heroism" is a "zone of supererogation" where moral acts will be purely altruistic but not obligatory. The suffering of others obligates us to help, but not to be heroes. We cannot be morally required to cut off a limb to save another man's life (though it would be admirable if we did so).

The trouble, Fishkin soon makes clear, is that under modern conditions of large-scale nation-states, where suffering is widespread and its existence is conveyed to us by technology, there seems no way logically to prevent minimal altruism from compelling heroic behavior—and destroying the zone of indifference, that is to say, individual liberty, in the process. In the plain language of the initial example, my minimal obligation to save a life for $5 soon becomes, by virtue of the number of starving men in the world, a maximum obligation of truly heroic proportions. Moreover, it is one that converts my every free action, every action not devoted to saving the starving, into an immoral action. Five dollars spent on a movie is not a discretionary act in the zone of moral indifference; it is an immoral act causing a starving man to die.

From the outset, Fishkin acknowledges the intractability of the problem: "I must confess," he confesses in more than one place, "that I do not have a defensible solution to this dilemma." There are, of course, two well-known solutions, which, however, to Fishkin's credit, he spurns. The one is Robert Nozick's (in his *Anarchy, State and Utopia*): give up the entire notion of general obligations in the name of the absolute freedom of the individual to act as he chooses (short of harming others). Sacrifice obligations to rights, and equality to freedom. The other is Peter Singer's (in his *Practical Ethics*): sacrifice freedom to justice; agree that principles of general obligation can by increments move a man to the boundaries of the heroic and beyond in the name of impartiality and equality. In sum, give up individual liberty in order to guarantee equality.

Like all philosophical solutions, both Nozick's and Singer's are decisive, neat, coherent, and altogether incompatible with real life and the intuitive moral convictions we bring to it (which prompt us to honor *both* freedom *and* equality, the rights of the Self *and* the obligation to Others). In his conclusion, Fishkin expressly identifies the logical dilemmas of obligation with the political dilemmas of liberalism. The problem is how to make good on our obligations without destroying our liberty, how to serve the individual and still keep faith with principles of general obligation (like the Golden Rule). The fanaticism of developing a philosophy around absolute rights (as Nozick or Ayn Rand do) or around absolute obligations (as Peter Singer does) is not to Fishkin's liking—perhaps because he teaches in

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Yale's political science department rather than its philosophy department —and contributes little to the search for a political solution.

Yet, curiously, Fishkin chooses to confine himself to a purely analytic and philosophical treatment of the dilemmas of obligation. But surely the point his analysis makes is that philosophical paradoxes are the creation of philosophy and the constructs it uses to capture reality, rather than a reflection of reality itself. Zeno's famous hare who never catches up to Zeno's famous tortoise (because in the time it takes the hare to reach the point where the tortoise was, the tortoise has moved on) is a figment of logic removed from temporal space, where fast hares *do* catch and pass languid tortoises. Fishkin's moral agent who cannot respond to "every appeal supported by the principle of minimal altruism" without finding himself "obligated to a level of cumulative sacrifice that can only be called heroic" is a figment of logic removed from political and social space (where actual citizens *do* balance freedom and equality through judicious democratic procedures, proven legal precedents, publicly sanctioned norms, and constitutionally sanctioned limits on government). In fact, Fishkin's dilemmas are only unsolvable (other than by fanaticism) when they are abstracted from the public world of political theory. Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Mill, Hegel, Marx, and (for that matter) Walter Lippmann, Hannah Arendt, Michael Oakeshott, Herbert Marcuse, Sheldon Wolin, and myriad others have tendered meaningful and perfectly plausible—if altogether distinctive—solutions to the question of how to reconcile the individual and the community, the rights of the autonomous person with the goods of the public weal.

NONETHELESS, by remaining faithful to the forms of philosophical reasoning that produce his moral dilemmas, Fishkin accomplishes a good deal. On the way to not solving his paradoxes, he offers the reader a useful typology of moral acts, a thorough discussion of the nature of general obligation (as against specific obligation), and a penetrating analysis of the puzzles of generalization (what if everyone did that?), of triviality (what difference can my vote, my contribution, my violation of the law, make?), and of scale itself. Fishkin avoids jargon and obfuscation even when treating the most problematic and abstruse of moral questions, and approaches his topics with an ingenuousness and modesty that have not always been the hallmarks of moral philosophy. My own belief is that the solutions to Fishkin's dilemmas are to be found and debated only in a realm of political argument where his commitment to philosophical analysis will not permit him to go. Politics begins where philosophy ends; and the polar paradoxes of philosophy yield only to the dialectical compromises of common reality. Still, one approach to the realm of politics is through the corridors of philosophy, where clarity and definition rather than compromise and solution are the primary objectives. In these corridors, a reader could wish for no more prudent and helpful guide than Fishkin.

BENJAMIN R. BARBER

Benjamin R. Barber is professor of political science at Rutgers University, the editor of *Political Theory*, and author of the forthcoming *Strong Democracy* (University of California Press).

BRIEF REVIEW

Short Shorts: An Anthology of the Shortest Stories edited by Irving Howe and Ilana Wiener Howe

(David R. Godine, 224 pp., $12.95)

Once upon a time Irving Howe and his wife, Ilana Wiener Howe, sat at their kitchen table talking about how good, and how unusual, Yukio Mishima's roughly 2,500-word story, "Swaddling Clothes," seemed to them to be. To make a relatively short story an extremely "short short," the Howes decided to round up other short-winded tales, mull over their common attributes, and collect them in a small book. Published by David R. Godine in a handsome volume (marred, unfortunately, by the misplacement of a line of type on the very first page of the first story), this anthology of forty short short stories from all over the world is made for reading over and over. It could even turn out to be the talk of other kitchens in which mouths do more than eat.

The product of the editors' conversation is Irving Howe's suitably brief introduction. In it he suggests some of the characteristics that he thinks distinguish a short short story from a short story. Whether or not readers share Howe's appreciation of the peculiar distinctiveness of the short short—and he's perfectly content if they don't—his observations are apt. In short shorts, Howe remarks, there's little space in which to develop character; instead, situations occupy the foreground, while human figures are hazy presences with unknown pasts and futures. Likewise, there's no time to unwind a complicated plot; instead, events are often mysteriously, symbolically compressed. "Writers who do short shorts need to be especially bold," Howe writes. "They stake everything on a stroke of inventiveness."

The spare figures who inhabit short shorts, however, seem to be especially passive—not bold at all: story after story conveyed to me a sense not of action but of stoic reaction. Everything, or almost everything, that transpires in a short short seems to be staked on a stroke of fate, to which the characters submit. "Alyosha the Pot," one of the opening stories by Tolstoy, exemplifies the fatalistic posture toward the world. Simple Alyosha's young life has been devoted to indefatigable and ever-cheerful service to others, first his own family, then a merchant's household. When he discovers that the merchant's cook loves and wants to serve *him*, Alyosha's world suddenly seems happily new and strange; but his father's prohibition of marriage sends eternally obedient Alyosha back to his serving, and soon to untimely death, which he greets, as always, with a quiet smile of acceptance. The Mishima story that inspired the anthology is a more haunting, inward tale about the grip of an obsession that acquires the power of fate. Toshiko, a morbidly sensitive woman, is in the thrall of a traumatic scene: to her extreme distress, a bastard baby suddenly born to the family nurse is wrapped in blood-stained newspapers, rather than proper swaddling. Toshiko fetches flannel and rewraps the child but cannot redirect her mind. "Those soiled newspaper swaddling clothes will be the symbol of his entire life," she worries

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and proceeds to envision the baby's sad fate; she spins out her own fate as well—which is now connected to his by her presence at his shameful birth—until the tale eerily ends.

Perhaps it's not surprising that these short shorts should be so insistently devoted to the large theme of fate. Since there is no time to know a character from within, to see the world shaped by his vision, we instead witness fictional figures visited by circumstance, shaped by the world outside. Since there's rarely a plot linking the past, the present, and the future, we can't watch human wills at work, making small choices, nudging necessities out of the way, fashioning a kind of freedom; instead we watch as time takes a brief, and timeless, toll. Like lyric poetry, Howe observes, the short short "does not seek meaning through extension, it accepts the enigmas of confinement."

ANN HULBERT

TRB, *from page 4*

President Reagan vetoed—was a Congressional pay raise, never specifically voted on. The mail on all this has been incredible. With a sour economy, it adds to the anti-incumbent sentiment.

Bob Walker is against any pay raises, tax breaks, or increase in the outside earnings limit. "Congress helped create this economic mess," he says. "We can't just vote to exempt ourselves." Not that he would mind a pay raise someday. Walker keeps an efficiency apartment in Washington, D.C. His wife is a school administrator who lives in Pennsylvania, and Walker commutes back to the district weekly. He's a member of what's known as the "Tuesday-Thursday Club" in Congress for the days they are sure to be around for business. Like Brodhead, Walker is a junior member, and he says his wife's income helps. Brodhead doesn't like the salary, but like Walker he's against raising the limit on outside earnings. "There's no explicit quid pro quo," he says, but it's a seductive process. After a while, in the cozy speechmaking deals, "You feel soiled," he adds.

Bob Walker's response to the Congressional pay predicament is blunt: "You knew the salary when you ran for the job. Every two years, you get an opportunity to reassess your situation. If you don't like the salary, maybe you don't like the job." So, Bill Brodhead, age 41, chairman of the respected Democratic Study Group, up and coming among Democrats, is retiring, taking his wife and two kids back to Detroit where he'll practice law. Salary is only part of the decision, but, after all, he's a man who has lost 30 percent of his earning power in the last five years. Mike Brodhead, age 13, devout collector of military insignias, will miss the Army Surplus stores here. But that's not what came to mind first. "Just for a second," says Mike, "I thought—'What if he can't get another job?' " Not to worry, Mike. He won't have to take a pay cut.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

are a form of prejudice no less objectionable than prejudice about a person's race or sex, Mr. Noah simply says "either this sort of talk makes you angry or it doesn't." If all discussion of ethical issues were at this level we couldn't get anywhere except by brute force.

Mr. Noah suggests that Alex Pacheco, the activist who exposed the suffering in Taub's laboratory, should ask an Auschwitz survivor how he likes the analogy between the Nazi murders and the speciesism evident in the treatment of Taub's monkeys. Mr. Noah says that Pacheco would get "an uncivil answer." Perhaps Mr. Noah would like to ask Isaac Bashevis Singer (no relation to me) what he thinks of the analogy. Singer, though he may not be exactly an Auschwitz survivor, is someone who because of his background and the people he writes about must have a deep appreciation for the significance of Auschwitz. Yet he is on record as saying, "For the animals, Auschwitz is going on all the time."

PETER SINGER
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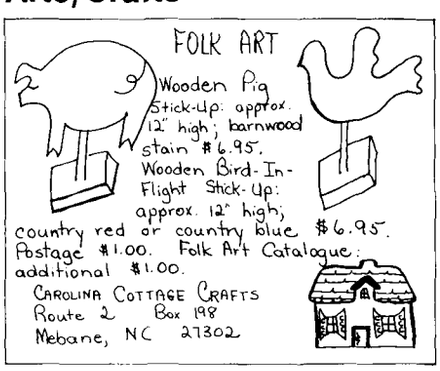

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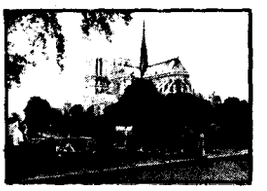

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Usual Suspects

DURING ONE of Menachem Begin's previous visits to Washington, some luminaries from the pundit class of American journalism were gathered at Blair House for breakfast with the Israeli Prime Minister: George Will, James Reston, Meg Greenfield, Martin Agronsky, and others. I always feel a bit on probation in the presence of such stars of the opinion industry, so I tend to wait before I pose my question or two. At this particular meal with Begin, no one asked anything—if you'll pardon me for grading my colleagues' questions—to which the lugubrious answer was other than predictable. I asked Begin why Israel was selling arms to Argentina, whose government is anti-Semitic. A pall of boredom fell over the guests (Jacobo Timerman's book on Argentine anti-Semitism, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number,* had not yet appeared). It was their turn to grade my question which, while Begin floundered for some response, Joseph Kraft did. "The next thing you'll do," said Kraft, "is ask about the Falkland Islands." C-minus, I guess. Begin used Kraft's reproach to me to get himself off the hook, and began a discourse I thought he'd finished twenty minutes earlier. I wish he'd answered my question and I wish I'd followed it up with one on the Falklands, but neither Argentina nor the Falklands was on anybody's crisis agenda just then.

THE ANALOGY between Argentina's invasion of the Falklands and Israel's invasion of PLO-occupied Lebanon, which has been made by Margaret Thatcher in London, among others, is preposterous. The expedition to Port Stanley carried 8,000 British troops 8,000 miles to defend a principle that was worth defending. But no lives and certainly not the security or life of an entire people were at stake. When Israel finally moved against the PLO in Lebanon, it moved to protect itself against a long-threatened and meticulously planned politicide against the Jewish state. We learn from the London papers that the "Iron Lady" says her "heart was in the Falklands." She thought that a good reason to send British soldiers—and Gurkha mercenaries—to kill and be killed. She did not hesitate, and her unhesitating exercise of principle on behalf of desolate islands has cost 1,500 dead. But while Thatcher was urging on her troops in the Falklands, she was pressing Israel for a ceasefire. There is at least one critical difference between Argentina and the PLO in this regard. When Galtieri saw that the British were about to overwhelm his forces, he called a halt to the fighting; when Arafat saw that the Israelis were already at the outskirts of Beirut, he called for more sacrifice and blood—from combatants and civilians alike. Until June 6 Israel's population in the north was held hostage by the PLO in southern Lebanon. But when Jerusalem finally acted, the hearts of the Israelis yearned for their troops to come home, which Mrs. Thatcher won't do for a long time. A high Tory friend says Thatcher's churlishness about the invasion of Lebanon arises from her resentment of Israel's arms sales to Argentina. Like Israel's arms sales to South Africa, these comprise barely a fraction of what other industrial democracies sell. But Britain may have been Argentina's biggest arms supplier, and its last delivery arrived just eight days before the landing on the Falklands. Israel's friends have a right to criticize its arms sales to Argentina, and I do. But what right does Mrs. Thatcher have? In addition to selling to the tyrants in Buenos Aires, she sells also to Israel's enemies while maintaining an embargo on Israel itself.

I RECENTLY signed an advertisement for the relief effort in Lebanon of Oxfam America. This is an appeal, sponsored by unexceptionable humanitarians, many Lebanese Americans associated with the American Lebanese League, and eminent religious leaders. Our goal is to help alleviate the suffering of those Lebanese caught in the fighting. That is not the purpose of a new committee "in defense of the Palestinian and Lebanese people" which also advertised in Sunday's *New York Times.* The defense committee's list of sponsors rounds up the usual suspects: pro-PLO hardline in America (Edward Said, former Senator James Abourezk, Noam Chomsky); old-line Communist fellow-travelers (Pete Seeger, Paul Robeson Jr.); and the predictable goofies (Ramsey Clark, Dr. John Mack, Daniel Berrigan). The signatories seek relief money not for all the victims of the war in Lebanon, but only for those "trapped in West Beirut without water, essential services, and medical supplies." What an odd humanitarian impulse to aid just West Beirut! Who exactly is holed up there? There are none "trapped" but the PLO. So this is what I.F. Stone, after all his agonizing about bloodshed, has finally come to: asking his admirers to put up money so that the PLO can continue to fight, not simply against Israel, but against the possibility of a peaceful Lebanon.

A LITTLE-NOTICED internal U.N. communiqué from Lieutenant General William Callahan, the Irish commander of the peacekeeping forces in Lebanon, to Brian Urquhart, the under secretary in New York, surfaced in Paris last week and sheds much light on the origins of the invasion. The received wisdom is that the Israelis were waiting for a pretext to launch their campaign. Now comes the chief U.N. peacekeeper, no partisan of Israel, accusing the PLO of all kinds of violations of the ceasefire, including "murderous attacks . . . unprecedented in methods and brutality during peacekeeping operations." General Callahan said he warned the PLO that their violations "would probably bring an unstoppable assault in South Lebanon for which they must accept full responsibility. . ." The PLO's friends are now desperate. Anthony Lewis, for example, is so without ballast in the new political universe after Lebanon that he has been reduced to hoping that Ronald Reagan will choose, as the man most likely to make order from chaos, Henry Kissinger. Henry Kissinger? The man Lewis has called "*gauleiter*"? The target of his annual Christmas bombing column? I agree that Kissinger is the right man for the job because of his understanding of the Arab-Israeli conflict. This understanding is altogether at odds with that of Mr. Lewis, who only yesterday was propounding a view of the PLO which U.N. personnel have now disproved.

M.P.

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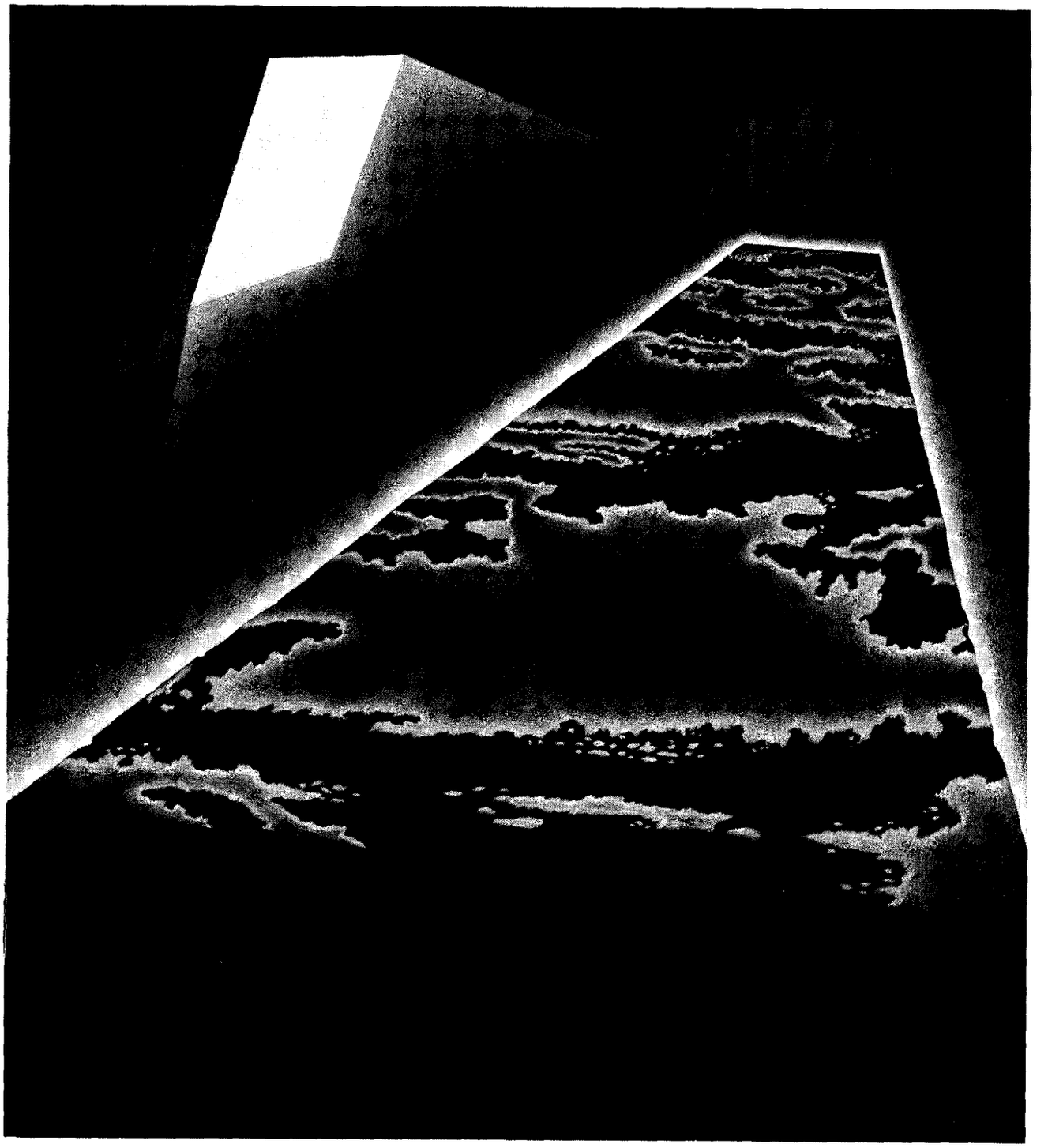

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